

TIME

WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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LETTERS

Nominations

Sir: So Senator Jack Kennedy thinks President Eisenhower should have apologized to Khrushchev at the summit meeting. God pity America if Kennedy should ever become President.

ARTHUR B. TAYLOR

Clearwater, Fla.

Kennedy is the only campaigning, fighting, dynamic, winning candidate running for the Democratic Party.

WILLIAM P. CONNOLLY

Dwight, Ill.

It is difficult to understand why the Democratic Party would even consider a young man so inexperienced as Senator Kennedy when it has available so able and experienced a man as Senator Lyndon Johnson.

E. D. McCAIN

Frederick, Md.

Sir: Readers Rita and Francis Troilo suggest that, as a devout Catholic, Kennedy would be an enemy of Communism. Would one dare to suggest that it can be presumed that Castro was also a "good Catholic" in his earlier days—and may still claim to be? What an enemy of Communism he is!

G. JAMES

Unadilla, N.Y.

Sir: As a clergyman of the Reformed faith, I am getting sick of Jack Kennedy's running for President as a Roman Catholic. Why don't we let the gentleman run as an American and let him win or be defeated on his ability as a loyal American?

If, as Rita and Francis Troilo suggested in the June 20 issue, he should be elected because he is a Catholic and Catholicism is against Communism, we could ask some serious questions as to whether or not it was because Catholicism was against Communism that Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Hungary all fell into the Communist camp. And we might even suggest that within the shadow of the Holy See one of the largest political parties is Communism.

Let's elect him or defeat him for what he can do for his country, not necessarily what he can or should do against Communism.

(THE REV.) R. C. DUNKELBERGER

First Presbyterian Church
Sturgis, Mich.

Sir: Protestants and Catholics alike will vote for Nixon, not because he is a devout Protestant, but because he is a great statesman and has already "stood up to Moscow."

(THE REV.) J. E. HENDERSON

First Methodist Church
Ashtabula, Ohio

Sir: Perhaps, in electing a President whom the Russians have declared that they cannot negotiate with, we would be arrogantly denying that we cared what the rest of the world thought of us, but aren't the times rather perilous to be flaunting our obstinacy?

SUSAN BALTIN

Philadelphia

Loge Brothers

Sir: Is it not true that all Presidents of the United States heretofore have been Masons?

I have belonged to the order for the greater part of my 82 years.

W. H. PABKE

Quebec

Q No. But Washington, Monroe, Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, Johnson, Garfield, McKinley, Taft, Harding, both Roosevelts and Truman were.—Ed.

The Garden Tomb

Sir: Readers of your article about the Church of the Holy Sepulchre [June 13] might be interested to know of a place "outside the



walls" of Jerusalem called the Garden Tomb. Unspoiled by crumbling masonry and sectarian feuds, it is an impressive site, especially since many archaeologists now consider it to be the real scene of Christ's crucifixion, burial and resurrection. Many tourists disappointed by the situation you described at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre are deeply stirred by this entirely natural spot.

LAURANCE BOWEN JR.

Philadelphia

Turbulence in Tokyo

Sir: Typical of the ineptness shown by American foreign affairs experts was their continued advice that the President should not postpone his visit to Tokyo. The same advice was given by Ambassador MacArthur. The experts reasoned that pro-American elements in Japan would prevail and the President could be assured at least a reasonably cordial welcome. However, one wonders what those same experts meant when they hoped that the Japanese police would take firmer action. Are we to presume they meant that the police should open fire on the mob in order that the itinerary of a globe-trotting head of state would not be upset?

JOSEPH GALLAHER

Hamilton, Ont.

Sir: Americans everywhere should realize, I think, that Mr. Kishi's government canceled the visit of President Eisenhower solely out of concern for the President's well-being.

A prominent Japanese friend of mine apologized to me, as a citizen of the U.S., for the cancellation. No apology was necessary. On the contrary, the Japanese authorities should be commended for sparing our President what might have been an unpleasant experience, and for wisely rejecting the only possible alternative: repression of the demonstrators during his visit.

REX WHITNACK

Tokyo

Sir:

What we should be saying—making evident and rubbing it in—is that Japan has lost face. Japan stands revealed to the world as a nation that cannot receive the visiting head of another state with courtesy and hospitality, a nation that cannot keep order in its own house, whose children take foreign money to disgrace their country and their parents, and whose opposition politicians are more interested in temporary party advantage than in the reputation of their country. Let the 93 million Japanese see themselves in that light reflected in the eyes of the world.

DOROTHY E. CURTIS

Peoria, Ill.

Sir:

I'm a girl of Japanese. I'm very much afraid that owing regretful incident Americans hate and don't wish to shake hand with the Japanese. But please understand that we are never anti-Americans. Because of this point, we want President Eisenhower will visit to Japan at more suitable time.

Though my English is bad, please try to get what I and most Japanese think.

SHIZUE OKADA

Urawa-Shi, Japan

Sir:

A couple more diplomatic blunders like the ones we made this past month, and it will be Iron Curtain for US as a world power. We're already not treated as one. After Ike's recent successes, I begin to agree that the best course for him to take is the golf course, after all. For the fondest hope this Administration can cherish is that history will judge it by its score rather than on its record.

FELIX ANSELM

Madison, Wis.

Sir:

Ike's bearing and his demeanor during the recent and current debacles of the summit blowup and the furor in Japan recall to many a U.S. heart, I am sure, a sentiment that Confucius approvingly ascribes to his pupil Tseng Ts'an: "In a moment of crisis he remains unshaken: Is such a man a Great Man? He is."

RONALD W. BREEDEN

Akron

No Jinx

Sir: Nobody can say that Arnold Palmer's appearance on *TIME*'s cover [May 2] interrupted his progress—no jinx this time.

FINBAN SLATTERY

Killarney, Ireland

Hot Slivers

Sir:

I am not writing in the spirit of disappointment. Speaking for Betty Comden, my collaborator on the book and lyrics of *Bells Are Ringing*, and Julie Styne, our composer-collaborator, I can truthfully say that we are generally pleased with your highly favorable notice of the movie version of our show.

However, there are several phrases which had the effect on us, while reading them, of sitting down to a delightfully relaxing manicure occasionally punctuated by hot bamboo slivers driven up the nails. The phrase in question is (referring to the score): "some fairly forgettable tunes."

Two of these fairly forgettable tunes are called *Just in Time* and *The Party's Over*, and I can truthfully state that they are not only proud of them, but they are also two of the best-known and most successful songs to have emerged from the score of a Broadway show within the past decade. In an

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astonishingly short time they have both become "standards."

Gentlemen, I rest my case and trust in your sense of honor to reveal these ugly facts to your readers.

ADOLPH GREEN

New York City

Diagnosis

Sir:

I wish to compliment you on the excellent article, "Where Are Tomorrow's Doctors?", which appeared in your June 2 issue.

BERNARD L. ALBERT, M.D.

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

I'm saving my copy to show patients who wonder, "Why can't I find a doctor who'll make house calls?" TIME gave a most comprehensive answer with more unbiased facts than the public usually gets on problems concerning medical personnel.

MARY MCCOY, R.N.

Milwaukee

Truth & the Archbishop

Sir:

Re your June 20 story about Archbishop Ritter's declaring that no Roman Catholic student may attend a non-Catholic institution unless written permission is obtained from the archdiocese: to this I say hogwash! To imply that Catholic educational institutions alone possess and dispense truth is tantamount to admitting "fear of truth."

ROBERT A. LINZMEYER

Psychology Instructor

St. John's University

Jamaica, N.Y.

Sir:

The reasons for Archbishop Ritter's letter are obvious to any non-Catholic who has ever attended a Catholic college. All courses in which it is possible to do so are distorted to favor the Roman Catholic point of view. In a secular college a Catholic student would get other perspectives. He might even lose some of that blind, unswerving faith which the Catholic Church demands.

HARVEY SACHS

Philadelphia

Sir:

As a Roman Catholic who has attended and taught at Catholic and secular universities, I wish to thank you for printing Dom Aelred Graham's corrective.

Catholic colleges and universities are a fact of American higher education. But it is also a fact, about which some of them are concerned, that their graduates exert a disproportionately small influence on American intellectual life. This suggests that there is something wrong with most Catholic colleges. Archbishop Ritter has unwittingly pointed to what it is.

Catholic colleges too frequently regard

themselves as primarily the inculcators of theological dogmas, moral precepts, and what is in effect a dogmatic philosophy. Too many of the windows of their intellectual world are shuttered. And Catholic young people who are seriously interested in the pursuit of knowledge, truth, and intellectual excellence will turn to the good secular colleges and universities.

J. M. HAAS

Dayton

Sir:

How Dom Aelred misconstrues. Indeed, Holy Mother Church has nothing to fear from the truth. However, all men have plenty to fear from some of the hokum taught on secular campuses. Far more important is what the Catholic misses when not attending a Catholic college. A "Catholic mind" embraces far more than "the simplicities of faith learned in childhood."

(THE REV.) JOHN M. BREUNIG

Chaplain, Newman Center

Chapel Hill, N.C.

Toned Sterns

Sir:

In your June 13 issue I find one of the quips with which I amuse myself and my readers credited as coming from a nudist magazine. And when you see your own words coming back to you out of your favorite magazine, it is quite a shock.

The quip appeared in our issue of May 31, 1956, and read: "You never know where you will find perfectionists. Take the nudist camp—started by a group of sun bathers who, in their search for a perfect tan, were determined to leave no stern untanned."

Our 1,000 subscribers will be happy to let these priceless pearls be shared with your millions of readers, provided that the town of Concrete receives attendant publicity. As for myself, I will try to bleed quietly until the wound heals.

CHARLES M. DWELLEY

Editor

Concrete Herald

Concrete, Wash.

Sir:

This was a direct quotation or plagiarism from Ogden Nash's "Everybody's Mind to Me a Kingdom Is or a Great Big Wonderful World It's":

... I am a conscientious man, when I throw
rocks at sea birds I leave no tern untanned,
I am a meticulous man and when I port-
tray
baboons I leave no stern untanned . . .

J. T. P. BRJHOUWER

Bennekom, The Netherlands

¶ And now a Concrete stern seems tanned. Ogden Nash's version was published in 1953.—Ed.

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MISCELLANY

Nightingale? In Nashville, after being caught by police 50 feet up in a tree outside a nurses' quarters, Thomas E. Parker explained that he was just searching for a bird's nest.

Cop Sop. In San Diego, a police headquarters shop that sells coffee and doughnuts on the honor system reported its most successful month of the year—a loss of only \$15.64.

Name Dropper. In Westmount, Que., after an embarrassing second thought, campaign workers hastily ripped down their posters urging: DON'T BE A DOCTOR JEKYLL. VOTE FOR RICHARD HYDE.

Water Wings, Anyone? In Pittsburgh, the county park commission hired a life-guard named Ronald Brown.

Queasy Street. In Grand Haven, Mich., a sewer-project workman on a quiet suburban street reported on the job at 7 a.m., yelled a cheery "Good morning, everybody," then opened up with his air hammer.

The Customer Is Always Right. In Boulder, Colo., after inquiring politely, "Have you been taken care of, sir?" Manager Claude Meyers of the new Safeway supermarket was told "I sure have" by an unidentified customer who thereupon fled with a stolen \$2,800.

Buddy Poppers. In Laredo, Texas, charged with pumping seven bullets into Reyes Ramirez and killing him, Tomas Morales Jr. told the jury, "I just wanted to scare him; he was my buddy."

Rearguard Action. In Ottawa, Ont., the police department requested extra-wide seats on the new motor scooters ordered for its 20 female traffic cops.

Out of Luck. In Nottingham, England, after stealing a porcelain Japanese luck charm from the house they were painting, Artisans Harry James and Douglas Harding took it to a nearby antique shop for appraisal, were arrested when the dealer turned out to be the home owner and theft victim.

Clean Sweep. In Richmond, Calif., after a night of tipling, seven vacuum-cleaner salesmen decided to stage a selling competition at 4:30 a.m., knocked on the door of John A. Penberthy, who dispersed them with three shots.

Thanks for Nothing. In Dillon, S.C., after running a far-out last in the four-man Democratic race for sheriff, Worth Elvington advertised in local newspapers, offering a \$100 reward "for authentic information as to the names of the 13 people who voted for me at Lake View in Tuesday's primary. I would like to personally thank these people."



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**STRAUSS
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14. Estrellita, El Rancho Grande, La Paloma, 11 others

43. The complete score, "Enchanting" - New York Times

12. Exquisite readings of 14 waltzes by a great virtuoso

60. Blue in Green, Flamenco Sketches, All Blues, etc.

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48. 11 Goodman classics: Sing, Sing, Sing, Let's Dance, etc.

50. Complete score of the most beloved of all operettas

61. Three beautiful sonatas played with rare artistry

24. Also: That's My Desire, Lucky Old Sun, I Believe, etc.

37. Also: That's All Over, The Troubadour, One More Ride, etc.

37. Also: That's All Over, The Troubadour, One More Ride, etc.

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TIME JULY 11, 1960

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wagon. Only trouble is, the dogs always think they're going hunting when you open up the back end, and they're ready to pile in. And there's always a puppy, or two, I'd like to take with me." After the visit, Bob made good use of the brush National had supplied in the dashboard. He quickly cleaned off "probably the only pair of mohair trousers in Florida."

about the localized, **NATIONAL CAR RENTALS**



"NATIONAL CARS ARE REALLY BABIED! As I picked up my Ford wagon, Ebbie proudly pointed out that every National car he owns is washed, cleaned, and safety-checked after every rental. I've noticed that managers who personally own their own cars, as they do in the National System, just naturally seem to take better care—personal interest—in their property."



"NATIONAL KNOWS THE BEST ROUTES. As I had some 40 calls to make—grocery stores, kennels, institutions—from Jacksonville all the way down the coast, I asked about the best roads. Ebbie—like most National managers—knows local road conditions and marked up a map for me. (Note the National attendant loading up my store display material. I appreciate little extras like that.)"



"WONDERFUL PLACE TO STOP!" (through a National tip). Swinging back up the coast from an institutional call at Patrick Air Force Base, Bob stopped at the Ko-Ko Motel just south of Canaveral. "When I'm not familiar with restaurants or motels, I often ask the National Car manager and I'm seldom disappointed. Just missed seeing a big shoot from the Cape."



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THE NATION

The Campaign Ahead

If the coming campaign pits Jack Kennedy against Richard Nixon, as most pundits and politicians are assuming, the struggle will be close and hard fought. Despite the U.S.'s overall 3-to-2 Democratic leanings, public opinion polls show Nixon and Kennedy running about even.



Picture: Francis

CANDIDATE KENNEDY
The poll says 49...

The Gallup poll, for example, gave Kennedy a 51-49 edge over Nixon before the summit collapse, now gives Nixon a 51-49 edge over Kennedy. Both men are able speechmakers and hardy campaigners, with youthful energy (Nixon is 47, Kennedy 43), and plenty of political talent. Each has a staff of bright, politically savvy young men to help out with the strategy and tactics. In terms of sheer political expertise on both sides, a Nixon v. Kennedy match could be one of the most fascinating and intellectual presidential campaigns in U.S. history.

In so even a match of men, the stand (or non-stand) they take on issues could count heavily. The convention platforms and the nominees' acceptance speeches, usually ignored by the voters, should merit scrutiny.

Second to Moscow. Issues were already crackling in the political air last week. In traditionally Republican North Dakota, farm discontent carried the Democratic candidate to a razor's edge victory in a special senatorial election (see Political Notes), a reminder that the farm mess ranks as one of the biggest unresolved domestic issues of 1960. In Washington, Senate Majority Leader Lyndon B. Johnson lured Congress into recessing until early August, leaving major welfare measures—federal aid for schools, housing and medical care—to be legislated in a post-convention atmosphere of partisan thrusts and parries.

On the Senate floor, Foreign Relations Committee Chairman William Fulbright charged that the Administration had dragged the U.S.'s international prestige to a "new low" by "bumbling and fumbling" during the U-2 dust-up. The Administration's handling of the U-2 incident, said Arkansas' Fulbright, taking a slap at Dwight Eisenhower, showed a need for "much firmer direction of all governmental activities affecting foreign relations. If this is not to come from the White House, it should come from the State Department." Back came Wisconsin's Alexander Wiley, ranking Republican on Fulbright's committee, to defend the U-2 for a "record uniquely successful in history," and to characterize Fulbright's attack as "second only to Moscow" in its effort "to pin blame on U.S. policy."

From the Sidelines. Among domestic issues, the biggest question up for debate will be the role of the Federal Government in the management of the nation's economy. Democrats have switched from depression-born bread-and-butter issues to "jam-and-jelly" issues on how the U.S. should live with its prosperity. As they see it, the Government should intervene to promote faster "growth" and shift resources from private spending to the "public sector." Nixon dismisses the idea of setting a specific national growth-rate goal as mere "growthmanship," urges tax reform, and a chance for the time-tested U.S. free enterprise economy to grow without Government controls.

In their precampaign jabbing at the Administration record, Democrats were getting some welcome help from the sidelines. Big-time newspaper pundits sniped at the Administration's recent foreign-policy embarrassments (see Press). New York's Republican Governor Nelson Rockefeller,

as outspoken an advocate of faster "growth" as any Democrat, warned that the "relative military power of the U.S. as compared with the Soviet Union has steadily and drastically declined over the past 15 years" and called for a \$3.5 billion boost in the next defense budget.

Off to Newport. Curiously, the Democrats were getting some help from Dwight Eisenhower, too. In a week when the



Photo: Walker—UPI

CANDIDATE NIXON
... to 51.

chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and the Republican Governor of the nation's most populous state challenged him on foreign policy and national defense, when the Russians torpedoed the Geneva disarmament conference (see Foreign News), and when the Gallup poll reported a sharp drop in his popularity (from 68% approval to 61%). Dwight Eisenhower announced that he was planning to go off to Newport, R.I. this week for a month's vacation.

He thereby fortified the already widespread impression that he has resigned himself to a caretaker's role during the remaining half-year of his presidency. If Ike lets his Administration fade out in that drab role, he may do more than any Democratic candidate to damage his party's prospects in the November elections.

DEMOCRATS

Unsolid South

The 1960 race for the Democratic presidential nomination had already earned its place in the history books because a self-propelled candidate had recruited his own team and beaten his way through the primaries to within arm's length of the title. Last week history clicked again when Jack Kennedy's strongest competitor, Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Baines Johnson, recessed the U.S. Congress in what was generally read as the last-minute start of a stop-Kennedy movement.

Johnson, and his campaign manager, House Speaker Sam Rayburn, argued that Congress could not possibly complete its legislative program before next week's Democratic Convention. "Anyone who thinks we can finish up the business now before the House and Senate by the middle of next week," grumped Mr. Sam, "is a legislative idiot." Any legislative idiot who believed the same thing, chimed in Lyndon Johnson, was either a "phony or a hypocrite." Yet scores of Congressmen, Senators and other politicians thought that fellow Texans Johnson and Rayburn had just possibly planned it that way. Looming congressional action on such key party-line bills as medical aid to the aged, federal aid for schools, housing and minimum wages was bound to give Johnson special leverage at the convention, bound to give him special influence on the campaign itself, whoever the nominee might be.

Revolt. Whether the speculation was true or not, the immediate fact of life for Lyndon Johnson was that he does not have much time left for decisive action. And rumbles from Southern delegations hinted that, contrary to long-held assumptions, the Solid South was not heading all the way for L.B.J., any longer. The biggest sign that the South was flying apart came at the Governors' conference in Glacier National Park, when Texas Governor Price Daniel tried to call a meeting of Southern Governors at which, presumably, the Southerners would declare their eternal support for Johnson. In a canvass of the Governors, Daniel got a couple of shockers: Mississippi's diehard segregationist Ross Barnett refused to guarantee his delegation for Johnson, because Johnson had pushed through the 1960 civil rights bill. Florida's Governor LeRoy Collins advised Daniel that his state was not solid for Lyndon; North Carolina, Alabama and Louisiana, among others, registered the same point. Finally, Daniel called off the breakfast meeting, lest Johnson be embarrassed at the outcome.

Though Johnson's determination was startlingly real, Kennedy was still making yardage, California's Governor Pat Brown, whose delegation might well be the team that pushes Kennedy over the top, hinted last week that he might drop his favorite-son role at the end of the first ballot, or even sooner, and swing the majority of his 81 votes to Kennedy. Minnesota's Governor Orville Freeman, keeper of Hubert Humphrey's strength, admitted that his squad was rooting for Kennedy. Iowa Governor Herschel Loveless has already

made up his mind to forgo a nomination as favorite son and to announce for Kennedy, and Kansas' Governor George Docking was ready to throw his delegation behind Kennedy before the end of the first ballot. With such freshening support, it was hard even for some Johnson followers to see how Kennedy could be stopped.

Goal to Go. The boy wonder himself had that in-the-bag look of confidence as he checked into his suite in the Senate Office Building. The reception room was clogged with politicians and well-wishers. The phone rang continually. Maine's Senator Ed Muskie wandered in. "What can I do for you, Jack?" he asked. Replied Kennedy cheerily: "When you're in Los Angeles and see any groups of four or five people, just put in a word for me."

Before the week was out, there was a word for Kennedy, but not the kind he had



CANDIDATE JOHNSON
A goal-line stand.

in mind. Out in Independence, Mo., ex-President Harry S. Truman called in the press to deliver his quadrennial preconvention bombshell. Declared he, alternating twinkly smiles and grim glares: he was resigning as a member of the Missouri delegation to the Los Angeles convention because the convention was "fixed." Truman strewed hints that Kennedy money was responsible for the handwagon's success, that delegates around the country had been pressured to go along with Kennedy, and bluntly questioned Kennedy's maturity for the job of President. Better to keep the convention open, he added, for people like his man, Stuart Symington, or Lyndon Johnson—or in fact a whole slew of other Democrats, big and little. One big Democrat pointedly omitted from Truman's list: his pet hate, Adlai Stevenson.

Though Jack Kennedy was thoroughly annoyed with Truman's gambit, most Democrats agreed that it would have little effect except to spice up the convention a bit—and sustain the interest for the TV sponsors.

Where's Jack?

In the great game of U.S. politics, where getting more votes than the other guy on Election Day is the requisite of survival, it is not uncommon for politicians to try to be many things to many voters, to take one tone in a small town and another in a big city, to try to sound conservative to conservatives and liberal to liberals. The art lies in being able to project double images without getting accused of being two-faced. In this political art, Presidential Hopeful John F. Kennedy, for all his youth and boyish charm, is already a master. Items:

Labor: As a sponsor of last year's labor-reform measure, Kennedy can appear before non-labor audiences as a fighter against union corruption (a stance immeasurably helped by Teamster Boss Jimmy Hoffa's implacable hatred). Before farm audiences, traditionally hostile to labor unions, Jack benefits from identification with his younger brother Bob, the aggressive, much-televized counsel of the Senate's McClellan Committee and author of a briskly selling book about labor corruption, *The Enemy Within*. At the same time, Jack has tried hard to persuade labor leaders that he is organized labor's staunch friend. He damned President Eisenhower's use of the Taft-Hartley Act to call an 80-day halt in last year's steel strike (after the strike had dragged on for twelve weeks with no settlement in prospect) as the "most one-sided, unfortunate and unfair action in this Administration's history." Top A.F.L.-C.I.O. leaders have forgiven him for his sponsorship of labor reform, have even publicly praised him for trying to "get rid of the more obvious injustices" of the Landrum-Griffin reform bill.

Legislative Record: Partly because of his 1956 book, *Profiles in Courage*, Kennedy has acquired the luster of a courageous, statesmanlike legislator. Yet in his 14 years in the House and Senate, he has never fathered any major legislation. He worked hard on the Senate labor-reform bill (*Time*, Sept. 14), but it got so ground up in the congressional mills that the enacted Landrum-Griffin version did not even carry his name (for which he came to be very thankful).

Welfare State: As the son of a multimillionaire and a millionaire himself, Harvard-accented, dark-suited Jack Kennedy carries about an aura that makes him acceptable to many right-leaning Democrats and independents who instinctively reject any unmistakable liberal such as Minnesota's Senator Hubert Humphrey. But Kennedy's stands and voting records on most domestic issues are not widely different from Humphrey's. Kennedy's closest advisers on domestic policies, including Harvard Professors Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and John Kenneth (The Affluent Society) Galbraith, tend to be liberals of the Americans for Democratic Action camp. Kennedy falls easily into such sweeping A.D.A.-type rhetoric as "17 million Americans go to bed hungry every night." Following the liberal line that the U.S. economy is not growing fast enough,

Kennedy calls for a "sufficiently stimulated rate of growth."

Tolerance: Kennedy is widely regarded as a high-minded crusader for religious tolerance, fighting the battle against prejudice that Al Smith lost in 1928. His arguments against using religion as a yardstick in choosing a President are eloquent and moving. Yet he has not hesitated to play on the theme that the Democratic Party might lose the Catholic vote to the Republicans unless he is the presidential nominee—a suggestion that the New York *Times's* Washington Correspondent James Reston called "blackmail."

China Policy: Since the Roman Catholic Church is militantly anti-Communist, Kennedy feels that his Catholicism makes him pretty much immune to any suspicion of "softness" toward Communism. Accordingly, he can take the political

THE CAMPAIGN

Prime of the Clan

(See Cover)

In the midst of the crucial West Virginia primary last spring, Jack Kennedy sent a crisis message to his kid brother, Ted, 28, who was busily running interference in the coal mines of Beckley. In his daily talkathon of 20 or more speeches, Jack's vocal cords had given out, and he badly needed a substitute. Teddy hurried to his brother's side and enthusiastically read Jack's speech to an audience of miners in Ravenswood. As Ted Kennedy recalls it, "I was saying to the audience, 'Do you want a man who will give the country leadership? Do you want a man who has vigor and vision?', when Jack took the microphone and said in a hoarse whisper, 'I would just like to tell my

with authority for him from platform to parlor, from banquet to back room.

There is Bobby, 34, his dogged, hard-working (and usually worried) campaign manager, lining up the local organizations, discussing the shirtsleeved facts of politics with the bosses and the kingmakers. There is Teddy, the legman, working and talking at the lowest level of the campaign, climbing out of West Virginia mine shafts, soaring off Wisconsin ski jumps, buttonholing Idaho delegates, doing whatever is required of him. And, when the campaign script calls for their special talents, there are the glamorous Kennedy sisters: tawny-haired Eunice Kennedy Shriver, 38; leggy Patricia Kennedy Lawford, 36, wife of the movie star; and Jean Kennedy Smith, 32, the slim, tanned baby sister of the family. Together and separately, the sisters knock on doors,



THE KENNEDY FAMILY IN LONDON (1939)*

Handsome as thoroughbreds in a meadow, tough as blackthorn shilleaghs, ruthless as Cuchulain.

Quattrone/Woodward

risks of proposing to "bring the Chinese into the nuclear test ban talks at Geneva," declaring himself "wholly opposed" to any U.S. commitment to defend the Nationalist islands of Quemoy and Matsu. He also has Connecticut Congressman Chester Bowles as his principal foreign policy adviser. U.S. Ambassador to India under Harry Truman, and a conspicuous liberal, Bowles advocates a "two Chinas" policy (i.e., the U.S. should cease to recognize the Nationalist Chinese government as the legitimate government of anything but Formosa), which would, in effect, imply recognition of the Red Chinese government in mainland China, and undermine the U.S.'s long campaign to keep Red China out of the United Nations.

More than trickery, Kennedy's double imagery seems to be one more instance of his keen political sixth sense. Knowing well the strength of his family anchor in conservatism, he senses how far he can loop toward liberalism to bring the liberals into camp, without getting so far out that he can't get back.

brother that you cannot be elected President until you are 35 years of age.' So back to the boondocks I went."

Like every other major politician, Candidate Kennedy has a chorus of voices talking for him. He speaks through the 15 or so smooth-talking, dedicated young men who direct Operation Kennedy (TIME, Feb. 15), the tough and efficient political machine that has impressed and astonished the professional politicians of the nation. He speaks through hundreds of grey-flanneled local volunteers from Maine to Hawaii. He speaks words of honey or vitriol that would be impolitic coming from him through a chorus of guest campaigners, ranging from Colorado Football Star Byron ("Whizzer") White to Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. (who attacked Hubert Humphrey's war record in the bitter West Virginia primary). But Jack Kennedy's presidential campaign, indeed his whole political life, has a quality rare in U.S. political history. He speaks with the voice of the remarkable Kennedy family, and the talkative Clan Kennedy speaks

preside over kaffeeklatsches, and shed their charm at political banquets, receptions and rallies. And finally, there is Rose Fitzgerald Kennedy, 69, who willingly pitches in (sometimes in French, if the occasion calls for it) whenever her hard-running son needs her.

The one voice that has not been heard aloud since Jack Kennedy went into public life is the managerial Boston baritone of Joseph Patrick Kennedy, 71, father of the clan, who has deliberately chosen the role of public silence to play down the fact that he is the dominant force in making the remarkable Kennedy family what it is today.

Cable-Stitched. The Kennedy clan is as handsome and spirited as a meadow full of Irish thoroughbreds, as tough as a blackthorn shilleagh, as ruthless as Cuchulain, the mythical hero who cast up the hills of Ireland with his sword. The

* From left: Eunice, Jack, Rosemary, Jean, Father Joe, Teddy, Mother Rose, Joe Jr., Patricia, Bobby, Kathleen.

tribal laws permit extremes of individualism, though most Kennedys look alike when they smile. When they are together, the family foofaraws are noisy and the discussions continuous, but when they are apart, their need for constant communication strains the facilities of the telephone company and the U.S. postal service. No matter where they happen to be, the Kennedys are a cable-stitched clan. The sisters communicate by long distance at least once a week; Jack and his brothers hold daily strategy meetings by telephone or in person. Father Joe, whether in his Manhattan office, his summer home in Hyannisport, his winter palace in Palm Beach, or his between-seasons residence on the Riviera, gets the latest daily report from one of the boys, and when Mother

Conversations,* it was only a matter of days before all the Kennedys were doing what comes naturally in all their parlors all over the U.S. And when Jack got into politics, the entire clan plunged in with him as quickly as they would join a family game of charades or touch football.

Belle of Boston. The clan came by its political instincts easily. The Kennedys and Mother Rose's family, the Fitzgeralds, came to Boston more than a century ago, in the great avalanche of immigration that followed the Irish potato famine. The families prospered, and both grandfathers, John F. ("Honey Fitz") Fitzgerald and Patrick J. Kennedy, went into Democratic politics—Pat as a backstage oligarch, Honey Fitz as a frock-coated ham who could weep at will at a stranger's

sentimental depositors and rich cousins, bought a controlling interest in the bank and shook the city's Brahmin banking circles by making himself, at 25, the youngest bank president in the U.S. and the first Irish-American ever to achieve such eminence in the city of Boston.

Several months later Joe married Rose Fitzgerald, the eldest of Honey Fitz's six children, and the belle of Boston. The dynasties were linked at a nuptial Mass performed by William Cardinal O'Connell. The following year, when his first son, Joe Jr., was born, Joe vowed to give each child he sired a million-dollar trust fund at the age of 21. It was a promise that would have staggered greater millionaires, as Jack, Rosemary, Kathleen, Eunice, Patricia, Bobby, Jean and Teddy relentlessly and regularly followed Joe Jr. into the world. But old Joe could have begotten as many children as an Oriental potentate with 50 wives and still have enough left over to make his grandchildren and great-grandchildren millionaires.

Bulging Warehouses. As his tribe and fortune increased, Joe Kennedy moved out of Boston into the big time of Wall Street, then on to other bold ventures in Hollywood, Florida, Texas, Britain and Chicago and the far corners of the world. His bankroll today is estimated at more than \$200 million. As a Wall Street plunger, he specialized in damming up huge stock pools (in partnership with such fellow beavers as Harry Sinclair and "Sell 'Em Ben" Smith), inflating the stock through rumors and erratic—but well publicized—selling and buying, then selling short for big profits. Later, as the first chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, Joe helped write the stern Government regulations that stopped the very stock market practices that had made him rich.

A tough and tightfisted operator, Joe made some bitter enemies as he acquired his millions (many of his embittered associates refuse to speak of their ventures with Joe Kennedy, or to him). He was a foresighted speculator: anticipating the end of Prohibition, Joe made a quick trip to England in 1933, cornered the import franchise for British Scotch (Haig & Haig, Dewar's) and gin (Gordon's) for \$118,000. Then he wangled a Government permit to import thousands of cases of his whisky and gin for medicinal purposes, and when repeal came, the Kennedy warehouses were bulging and ready to flow. After 13 years of giddy profits, Joe sold his British franchise for \$8,500,000—and paid off the two top officials who had run his distribution company for him with a niggardly \$25,000 each.

In the late '20s, Joe Kennedy went into show business, flourished as a board chairman, special adviser or reorganizer of five film, vaudeville and radio companies (Paramount, Pathé, First National, Keith-Albee-Orpheum and RCA). Since the war he has applied his Midas touch to Texas oil investments and real estate in Manhattan, Palm Beach and Chicago. Joe Kennedy's fantastic purchase of Chicago's Merchandise Mart, the world's largest and



AMBASSADOR KENNEDY & FRIEND (1938)†

Later the friendship came to an abrupt and embittered end.

Rose makes one of her frequent trips to the ateliers of Paris, she can count on weekly letters, with the latest intelligence from each of her children.

Though intramural competition is intense, the clan swarm like bees around a queen when one member makes a louder hum than the others. Thus, when Teddy was a brawny end at Harvard, every Kennedy became an expert football coach and traveled in T-formation to Cambridge on autumn Saturdays to watch him play. In Bobby's heyday as the grand inquisitor of the Senate McClellan committee, when he was making Jimmy Hoffa squirm, the clan became totally absorbed in the investigation, discussed it over every dinner table and every long-distance telephone call and beat a path to the white marble Senate Caucus Room. Even the in-laws are not immune to the sudden fevers: Bobby's wife Ethel, often accompanied by two or three of her older children, was a daily onlooker at the hearings last summer, well into the seventh month of her seventh pregnancy. When the Peter Lawfords encountered a new parlor game,

wake, made *Sweet Adeline* his theme song, served three terms in Congress and was a memorable mayor of Boston.

But an understanding of the political Kennedys of 1960 begins with an understanding of Patrick's boy Joe, whose shrewd Irish instincts were first and foremost focused on making a name and a fortune. Pat Kennedy did so well with a string of saloons and a flyer in banking that he could afford to send young Joe off in style to the Boston Latin School and Harvard. After graduation, Joe went to work as a \$1,500-a-year bank inspector, but such small-bore jobs were not for him. When he heard that Columbia Trust Co.—in which his father owned an interest—was about to be absorbed by a larger bank, Joe borrowed \$45,000 from

* Two people secretly assume the identities of two famous persons and begin a conversation in the manner of their alter egos. From this, the other players try to guess their identities.

† Center: Supreme Court Justice Stanley F. Reed.

ugliest commercial building, from Marshall Field & Co. in 1945, still glazes the eyes of real estate speculators. Joe got the Mart for \$12.5 million, putting up just \$800,000 in cash. He promptly mortgaged it for \$18 million. Today the Mart (which is expertly managed by Eunice Kennedy's husband, Sargent Shriver) is worth \$75 million, brings in annual rentals that exceed its original purchase price.

Although he was often absent from home while he amassed his millions (his daughter Patricia, born during a hectic seven-week business deal, was a month old before her father saw her for the first time), Joe Kennedy has always had firm ideas on his children's upbringing. Rose Kennedy, a pious Catholic, supervised her children's religious education, and all of the girls went to Catholic schools (Manhattanville and Sacred Heart convents in the U.S. and Britain). But for his sons, Joe insisted on a secular education like his own. The boys attended private preparatory schools and Harvard. Bobby and Teddy studied law at the University of Virginia, and Joe Jr. and Jack each spent a term at the London School of Economics under the late Harold Laski, an agnostic, a Socialist and the proponent of some fiscal notions that were on the other side of Joe Kennedy's moon.

"Let 'Em Fight." Wherever the family circle rolled—Boston, Bronxville, Washington, London, Palm Beach, the Riviera Hyannisport—there were new and exciting experiences, tastes, sounds, discussions. During the long summers on Cape Cod, the Kennedys became fiercely competitive at tennis, sailing, swimming, golf and parlor games. Sibling unity as well as sibling rivalry was encouraged; once Joe Kennedy found himself in a violent argument with his two older sons. "Let 'em fight," he said later. "The important thing is that they fight together. I can take care of myself." At times the daily Donny-



PAT & PETER LAWFORD
An English actor!

brooks (often accompanied by the obligato of Joe Kennedy's private ticker tape on the front porch) drove Rose to a simple prefabricated shack she had erected as a retreat on a remote corner of the Hyannisport property. "It's solitary confinement not splendor I need," she explains. "Any mother will know what I mean."

The Hyannisport neighbors, mostly Pitts-burgh millionaires, sniffed at the Kennedys as "moneyed Boston Irish," and the clan drew closer together. In the community sailing races on Nantucket Sound the Kennedy boys were savage contestants and an annual softball game between the "Barefoot Boys" (the Kennedys and allies) and the "Pansies" (the neighbors) was fought out each Labor Day on the Kennedy lawn. Jack usually pitched. Bobby and Teddy sometimes pouted when their homemade rules were not observed and celebrated house guests were occasionally dragged into the game. Once the late Senator Joe McCarthy made four errors playing shortstop for the Barefoot Boys, was retired in disgrace.

Ambassadors at Large. The Wall Street crash unnerved Joe Kennedy and persuaded him to put aside his innate conservatism and become an ardent supporter and a lavish financial backer of Franklin Roosevelt. As SEC Commissioner and chief of the Maritime Commission, where he performed a notable service to his country by salvaging and reorganizing the bankrupt U.S. merchant marine, Joe lived in Washington for long stretches, frequently brought the family down to meet President Roosevelt and the top dogs of the New Deal. When Roosevelt appointed Joe Kennedy as U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James's—the first Irish-American to hold the job—the clan moved into the embassy residence on Prince's Gate and immersed themselves in international problems. Summer vacations were spent exploring Europe. Joe Jr. toured the Franco front in Spain; Jack visited Moscow and Berlin on the eve of World War II. Sometimes the entire tribe would swarm over to Paris for a weekend with Ambassador

William Bullitt ("People didn't seem to mind," explains Rose, "and we didn't care where we slept").

As the threat of World War II began to grow in Europe, Ambassador Kennedy's isolationism and his respect for Nazi Germany's military might led him to speak up bluntly and pungently against U.S. involvement on Britain's behalf. Although he remained in London until the Battle of Britain, his break with the Administration was irrevocable. Roosevelt accepted his resignation, and Joe Kennedy's political career came to an abrupt and embittered end.

Advantages & Obligations. With his million-dollar trust funds, Joe assured his children of financial independence. "I put them in a position where each one of them could spit in my eye and tell me where to go," he has said, "and there was nothing to prevent them from becoming rich, idle bums if they wanted to." There was the implicit assumption, however, that each Kennedy, freed of the necessity of earning a living, had a duty to make his life worthwhile. Says Rose: "Joe told the children that they had plenty of advantages but that these advantages carry with them certain obligations." Like the English gentry of the 18th century, the Kennedys expected each son to excel in a different career. There was no question that young Joe, a bright, confident boy and a natural leader, would go into politics and in due course become President of the U.S. As a 22-year-old member of the Massachusetts delegation to the Democratic Convention of 1940, Joe Jr. footnoted political history by being the last holdout for James Farley, against Roosevelt's third term.

The family had vague feelings that Jack might become a teacher or a writer. He was a sickly, bookish boy who preferred *Billy Whiskers* and James Fenimore Cooper to the family calisthenics ("I wasn't a terribly good athlete," he admits, "but



BOBBY & HOFFA
A corruption fighter.



JEAN (LEFT) IN WISCONSIN
A Kennedy in the house.

I participated"). A passing-fair student at Choate (although an atrocious speller), Jack reached his second stage at Harvard, graduated *cum laude* in 3½ years, and at the suggestion of Arthur Krock rewrote his thesis into a bestseller, *Why England Slept*. By implication it refuted most of Joe Kennedy's dogmas about keeping out of war with Nazi Germany.

The Grim Years. The war and its aftermath shook the Kennedy family to its roots. First Jack, a naval lieutenant on duty in the Solomons, was reported missing in action. His gallant and harrowing role in rescuing the crew of his PT boat after a Japanese destroyer had sliced it through is one of the great tales of heroism in the South Pacific. Jack was still recovering in a naval hospital when the family learned that Naval Lieut. Joseph Kennedy Jr. had been killed over the English coast. After two complete tours over enemy waters, Joe Jr. had passed up home leave orders to volunteer as the pilot of a highly secret "drone" plane, which was aimed at a Nazi V-2 launching site. Once the overloaded plane, crammed with explosives, was at cruising level, Joe and his copilot were instructed to parachute to safety while the Vega Ventura escorts guided the drone by radio on to its target. Just before their scheduled jump, the plane exploded. The bodies were never found. (Bobby, a sophomore at Harvard, quit school a few months later to serve as a seaman aboard a destroyer that was named in honor of his hero brother.)

Three weeks after Joe's death, Kathleen's husband, the Marquess of Hartington, was killed in Normandy in infantry action. A lively, pretty girl, Kathleen ("Kick") met the young nobleman, heir of the Duke of Devonshire, during her debutante days in London. When she returned to Britain as a Red Cross worker during the war, Kathleen saw the marquess again, and they decided to be married. It was a poignant, Montague-Capulet romance: both the Catholic Kennedys and the Anglican Cavendishes were bitterly dismayed (Lieut. Joe Kennedy took leave from his naval air base to give his sister in marriage at a drab civil registrar's office in London, but the rest of the Kennedy clan made no sign of recognition). A month after the wedding, the marquess went off to war with the Coldstream Guards. Four years later, the widowed Kathleen was killed in a plane crash in France, not far from the scene of her husband's death.* Her death was especially shocking to Jack, who had been closest to Kick when they were growing up.

Rosemary, the eldest of the Kennedy daughters, was a childhood victim of spinal meningitis, is now a patient in a nursing home in Wisconsin. Says Joe Kenne-

dy: "I used to think it was something to hide, but then I learned that almost everyone I know has a relative or good friend who has the problem. I think it best to bring these things out in the open."⁹

Warning Up. After Joe Jr.'s death, Jack Kennedy stepped instinctively into his brother's shoes. "Just as I went into politics because Joe died," he explained later, "if anything happened to me tomorrow, my brother Bobby would run for my seat in the Senate, and if Bobby died, Teddy would take over for him." In the family war councils it was decided that Jack should make his political debut in the congressional race for Boston's Eleventh District—a Democratic citadel that includes Cambridge and Harvard.



"HONEY FITZ" & CANDIDATE (1944)
From a carpetbagger's quarters.

by is largely made up of slums and the middle-class Irish and Italian wards of East Boston. It was home ground for Honey Fitz, and the area where Joe Kennedy was born, but Jack was a complete stranger. He rented a carpetbagger's quarters in the Hotel Bellevue in order to qualify as a "resident," and plunged into the primary campaign against eight op-

ponents. At first he was shy and ill at ease, but as the campaign warmed up, so did he. Watching his son shake hands on a busy corner of Maverick Square, old Joe was frankly amazed: "I never thought Jack had it in him."

Honey Fitz, brimming with pride, provided his grandson with a phalanx of seasoned ward heeled, but Jack preferred the rank-amateur assistance of his college friends, wartime shipmates and Ivy Leaguers who flocked to help out in the campaign. The old pols were disgusted, until Jack and his youthful supporters won handsomely, with 42% of the vote. On the night of the primary victory, old Honey Fitz, 83, crawled up on a table danced a stiff-legged Irish jig and sang *Sweet Adeline*. It was the swan song for the old, colorful and rascally breed of Boston Irish politics.

Congressman Kennedy took his oath of office on the same day and at the same moment as a young freshman from California, Richard Nixon. Their paths were destined to cross again. In three lustrous terms in the House, Jack kept his distance from the machine-tooled Massachusetts delegation (he was the only member to refuse to sign a petition for a presidential pardon for the doughty James Michael Curley, his grandfather Fitzgerald's ancient political rival—then languishing in jail for mail fraud). In 1952 Jack was ready to play for higher stakes. At the clan councils he toyed with the idea of running for the governorship, but eventually decided to make an audacious try for the Senate seat of Henry Cabot Lodge Jr.¹⁰ "When you've beaten him, you've beaten the best," advised Joe Kennedy. "Why try for something less?"

In his Senate campaign Jack called out the clan. Bobby was a meticulous campaign manager, crisscrossing Massachusetts like an anxious welterweight, head down, looking up through bushy eyebrows with a baleful stare. State Senator John Powers asked Joe Kennedy for his wife's services as a campaigner. "But she's a grandmother," he protested. "Yes, but she's beautiful, and she's the mother of a Congressman, and we need her," was the reply. Rose went to work with Eunice, Pat and Jean, at the famous Boston tea parties, and the Clan Kennedy smashed Cabot Lodge and turned back the Eisenhower riptide by 70,000 votes. ("It was those damned tea parties," Lodge said afterward.)

For old Joe Kennedy the family prospects were looking up after some grim years. Not only were the boys doing all that would be expected, but the tribe was picking up some attractive new in-laws:

¶ Robert Sargent Shriver, 44, is a Maryland aristocrat, a Valetman and a former *Newsweek* assistant editor. In 1946 Joe Kennedy asked him to look over some diaries young Joe had written during the Spanish revolution and appraise them for posterity. "Sarge" Shriver's candid verdict

* Whose granddaughter, Henry Cabot Lodge, defeated Honey Fitz by a scant 30,000 votes in a 1910 Senate race.

¶ If Kathleen and her husband had lived, she would now be Duchess of Devonshire, first lady in waiting to Queen Elizabeth and a niece by marriage of Prime Minister Harold Macmillan. Her husband, in all likelihood, would have received his father's commission as grand master of the craft of Freemasons, along with his ducal rank, and, says Joe Kennedy, "I'd be father-in-law of the head of all the Masons in the world."

was negative, but he impressed Joe and stayed on the family payroll, met and married Eunice while she was doing social work in Washington. Shriver runs Jack Kennedy's Midwestern political headquarters, has ambitions for the Democratic nomination for Governor of Illinois.

¶ Stephen Edward Smith, 32, heir of a Manhattan tugboat-barge fortune, married Jean, youngest daughter of the clan, soon found himself beguiled into duty as the administrative officer of Jack's Washington GHQ. Although his grandfather, William E. Cleary, served three terms in Congress as a Democrat, Steve disclaims any political longings.

¶ Peter Lawford, 36, the film and TV star, who met Patricia Kennedy at a cocktail party given by Eunice in Chicago in 1952, brought her back from a world tour with a long-distance proposal from Los Angeles to Tokyo. Lawford, the only Protestant in the tribe, at first drew thunderbolts from Joe Kennedy ("The only thing I would hate worse than an actor as a son-in-law is an English actor"), but a peace treaty has been signed. The Lawfords live in the Santa Monica home of the late Louis B. Mayer and are members in good standing of another, lesser clan—the Hollywood social swarm that buzzes around Frank Sinatra. Dean Martin and Sammy Davis Jr.

By all odds, the postwar prize of Clan Kennedy is Jack's wife (and the mother of his 2½-year-old daughter Caroline), the former Jacqueline Bouvier, 30. A limpid beauty who would have excited Goya into mixing his rose madder, Jackie Kennedy is the quintessence of cultured, luminous young womanhood. Since breaking an ankle at a family touch football game and losing a baby after the 1956 convention, she has made her own determined amendments to the tribal laws, restricted her campaigning to such niceties as wowing the Louisiana Cajuns with a speech in Sorbonne French, and entertaining politicians at her Georgetown home with fine food, vintage wine and sparkling conversation. She accompanies Jack to Sunday Mass at nearby Holy Trinity Church when he is in town.* If her husband reaches the White House, Jackie Kennedy will be the most exquisite First Lady since Frances Cleveland.

"We Can't Agree." Jack Kennedy's decision to run for the presidency in 1960 was made a short month after he lost the vice-presidential nomination to Estes Kefauver at the 1956 convention. Jack counted on his father for tactical opinions and financial support. But on the major decisions he was his own man. Old Joe's advice to stay out of the vice-presidential race at the 1956 convention went unheeded, and it went unheeded again early this year when, because of the Catholic issue, he asked Jack to withdraw from the presidential campaign. "Our disagreement on policy is total," says Jack. "We never discuss it. There

is no use, because we can't agree." But Joe Kennedy is not so far out of the campaign as Jack would like people to believe. He is in almost daily touch with one or the other of the campaigning Kennedys, talks with an authoritative air to friends. ("Not for chalk, money or marbles will we take second place. Nobody's going to make a deal with us in a back room somewhere for second place on the ticket.")

This week, as the last hunting was being tacked up in Los Angeles, the city braced for a mass movement of convention-bound Kennedys. Bob is already on duty establishing the clan's convention headquarters, getting ready for the all-important, last-minute dickering. Jack



Jackie & Caroline
Toward Election Day.

headed for Cape Cod for a week's rest before moving on to Los Angeles and his moment of truth. Joe and Rose will pitch camp in a mansion, rented for the duration of the convention, Pat Lawford, a resident Californian, will have a front-row seat on the convention floor as a member of the California delegation, but she may have to cast her first ballot for Governor Pat Brown, the favorite son. From their Chicago and Washington homes, the Shivers and Smiths will bear down on Los Angeles. The gathering of the clan, with peripheral in-laws, intimate friends, well-wishers and family retainers, should hit Los Angeles like an earthquake.

One member of the clan will not be present, Jack's wife Jackie plans to remain in Hyannisport and watch the convention on television. (If Jack wins the nomination, she will make a quick trip to Los Angeles to join him.) Her contribution to the Kennedy campaign and the dynasty's future will be the newest member of the clan, who, if the luck of the Kennedys holds out, will be born on or about Election Day next November.

POLITICAL NOTES

Close, but No Pitchforks

Political pundits sat like crows on a telephone wire last week waiting for the kernels of truth to pop out of North Dakota's special election to fill the senatorial seat of the late William ("Wild Bill") Langer. The kernels were a long time popping. After a painstaking, 36-hour vote count, the unofficial verdict was that Congressman Quentin Burdick, first Democrat the state had ever elected to the House, had won his way to the Senate over Republican Governor John Davis—by fewer than 1,000 votes out of 268,000.

The crows could have it either way. If they were looking for an all-out farm revolt against Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson, then—as Burdick's campaign manager put it—there "was no farm revolt in the sense that they came over the hills with pitchforks"—but then, even the Republican candidate campaigned against Benson. If they were looking for the Republicans to start a comeback in the Midwest after six lean years, then signs were discouraging when a popular Republican Governor could not turn the trick. Davis lost in small dribbles all along the line—in cities, towns and counties.

If North Dakota proved anything, it proved that neither party can confidently count on the farm belt in the fall. The results, predicted Republican Candidate Nixon, showed that presidential candidates will have "a close fight in every state in the country."

REPUBLICANS

Love to Jim

Though labor's political tent is held up by Democratic lodgepoles, the big chiefs of U.S. unions got up a sentimental \$20-a-plate testimonial dinner in Washington last week for Labor Secretary James Paul Mitchell, A.F.L.-C.I.O. Secretary-Treasurer William Schnitzer toasted Mitchell as a proved "friend of the working men and women of this country," although in an unsympathetic Administration it sometimes appeared that he was "fighting with both hands tied behind his back." Said Amalgamated Clothing Workers' spade-bearded Jacob Potofsky: Mitchell's is "one appointment that we believe reflects great credit on the Administration." Cabled A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany from Europe: "A friend of labor and a fine man."

In the same vein, Ike Eisenhower, who dropped by to pay his respects, said: "If I'm going to live in history, one of the reasons is my selection of Mitchell."

Two More Shots

Griming engagingly, New York's Governor Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller rolled up to the mountaintop convention of U.S. Governors at Montana's Glacier National Park last week to an official cool hello. As Rocky made his way through scores of bulb-snapping photographers and auto-graph-hunting college students, Host Gov-

* Kennedy is one of the few candidates ever to turn down the requests of photographers for pictures of himself in church.



Associated Press

NEW YORK'S ROCKEFELLER

"If that man only was a Democrat..."

ernor Hugo ("Galloping Swede") Aronson, a fellow Republican, conspicuously edged into the lobby gift shop to avoid a public welcome. But when Rocky breezed a little late into the dining room for an executive committee luncheon, Democrats and Republicans alike rose to applaud him. Exception: Iowa's Herschel Loveless. "Hell," muttered Democrat Loveless, "he isn't President."

Toward the end of the luncheon, Rocky's fellow Republicans sprang a carefully prepared surprise, Indiana's Harold Handley, an ardent Nixon man, passed a piece of paper to Rocky. It was an oath pledging "full and loyal support" to Vice President Richard Nixon for President, signed by every Republican then at the convention and already released to the press. Rockefeller smiled wryly and said, "You guys are some artists, aren't you?" He folded his glasses and handed back the paper—unsigned.

Rockefeller got vengeance of a sort in a formal, carefully prepared indictment of two basic Administration positions:

Defense. "The relative military power of the U.S. has steadily and drastically declined over the past 15 years," said he, lumping together the Eisenhower and Truman administrations. "Our power to retaliate after a Soviet attack is increasingly and seriously vulnerable. The decline has also become plain in terms of tactical forces for countering local aggression." Rockefeller's program for the "decade of danger" in the 1960s: quicken the development of mobile missiles (Minuteman, Polaris, etc.) and anti-missile defensive systems, put much of the Strategic Air Command on a round-the-clock alert, start building to meet the urgent need for civil defense fallout shelters.

Medical Care for the Aged. The Nixon-endorsed "Medicare" plan for voluntary, federally subsidized health insurance for

the aged (TIME, May 16), said Rocky, is "fiscally unsound." He recommended a semi-compulsory plan to be financed by additional social security payroll taxes, an idea closely akin to one put before the Senate by Jack Kennedy. When the issue came to a vote among the Governors, they thumbed down a vaguely non-partisan proposal, endorsed Rockefeller's. The count: 30 (including six Republicans) to 13.

"If that man only was a Democrat," said Virginia's Lindsay Almond, "we'd nominate and elect him." Massachusetts' Democratic Governor Foster Furcolo, who is running for the Senate and could use a headline himself, suggested that the Democrats tap Rockefeller as their Defense Secretary—presumptive, during the campaign.

Rockefeller did not bite. "I am a Republican, and I have no intention of bolting the Republican Party," he said. Furthermore, he was "confident" that his views and Nixon's "will be reconciled before and at the convention." Back East in Philadelphia, Dick Nixon agreed. His aims and objectives are identical to Rockefeller's, said Nixon, "and our positions as far as means to reach those objectives are not irreconcilable."

THE CONGRESS

Marching Toward Election

Before Congress packed up to go home last week, the Senate and House overrode their second Eisenhower veto (out of 169)—a bill providing a \$764 million pay raise for 1,500,000 federal employees.

The President had sent the bill back to Capitol Hill with an angry note that it was "indefensible by any light," and that Congress had yielded to "intensive and unceasing political pressure." While blue-uniformed members of the nation's most effective lobby, the U.S. postal workers, packed the galleries, the House whooped past the veto, 346 to 60, with 89 (out of 145) Republicans deserting the President. The Senate concurred 74 (including 18 Republicans) to 24.

Also in Congress last week:

House Republicans and Southern Democrats, by a vote of 211 to 203, substituted a trimmed-down minimum wage bill for a more ambitious measure pushed by the liberal-controlled Labor Committee. Workers now covered would win a new hourly minimum of \$1.15, instead of the \$1.25 asked by the committee and the Administration. Some 1,400,000 newly covered workers, mostly in retail services, are guaranteed a \$1 wage floor (the present minimum), but are excluded from time-and-one-half overtime provisions. The bill may run into trouble in the Senate, where a broad-based 1,350,000 new workers, \$1.25 minimum wage bill, backed by labor, has the right of way.

Approved by both houses and sent to the President was a \$30 billion defense appropriation, \$661 million above Eisenhower's budget request for fiscal 1961. The compromise bill kept intact the Senate's broad program of space and missile

buildup, cut 3% across the board from Pentagon procurement, at House insistence, for a \$300 million saving.

After two years of dirt sifting by the Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight, the House passed a bill tightening broadcasting regulations and outlawing payola (maximum penalty: \$10,000 fine and a year in jail). The Federal Communications Commission would monitor TV programs for hints of payola or other abuses, slap a ten-day suspension or fine of up to \$1,000-a-day on offending stations.

The House and Senate authorized the U.S. to be a co-founder (with 16 other free world nations) of the International Development Association, which will make long-term, low-interest loans to underdeveloped countries. Approved was a U.S. contribution of \$130 million toward IDA's eventual \$1 billion loan fund.

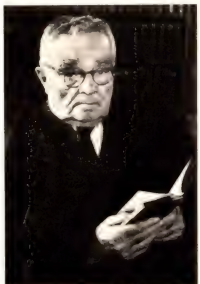
THE LAW

Friends of the World Court

The U.S. joined the International Court of Justice in 1945, but under the Connally Reservation* it sharply hedged its membership in 1946 by reserving the right to label any dispute "domestic" and therefore beyond the jurisdiction of the court. That self-judging escape clause cripples the court and mocks the professed U.S. goal of a world rule of law. Last week a group of prominent Americans launched a campaign of public education and debate aimed at repeal of the Connally Reservation by the Senate next year.

With New York's distinguished Judge Learned Hand as honorary chairman, the Committee for Effective Use of the International Court includes Educator James B. Conant, former Air Force Sec-

* Named for Texas Senator Tom Connally, then chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, now, at 82, retired and living in Washington, and still in favor of the Reservation



Alfred Eisenstaedt—Life

JUDGE LEARNED HAND

The choice: timidity or responsibility.

retary Thomas K. Finletter, Dean of Harvard Law School Erwin N. Griswold, Red Cross President Alfred M. Gruenther, and Chase Manhattan Bank Chairman John J. McCloy. "We have a choice between timidity and accepting the responsibility of world leadership," said Chairman Robert Dechert, former Defense Department counsel. "As it stands now, the fundamental evil of the Reservation is that it has provided an excuse for saying that not even the U.S., the leader of the free world, is wholehearted in its support of international judicial processes."

The Manhattan-based committee will press at both political conventions for platform planks pledging repeal. Already on record favoring repeal of the Reservation are President Eisenhower, Vice President Nixon, Secretary of State Herter, ex-President Truman, Adlai Stevenson, and all Democratic presidential candidates except Lyndon Johnson.

PHILANTHROPY

A Case of Self-Help

In her battle to persuade U.S. hospitals to try her physical-therapy methods for treating infantile paralysis back in the early 1940s, the late Australian-born Sister Elizabeth Kenny suddenly found an enthusiastic backer in Minneapolis' Mayor Marvin L. Kline. He was the prime mover in getting the Sister Elizabeth Kenny Foundation, Inc. set up in Minneapolis in 1943. In 1946, after upstart Democrat Hubert H. Humphrey ousted him from office, Republican Kline became the foundation's executive director.

Last week, after a four-month investigation, Minnesota's Attorney General Walter F. Mondale jolted Minneapolis with a documented report on financial shenanigans in the foundation under Marvin Kline's stewardship. Said the Mondale report: "Mr. Kline dominated and controlled the foundation to an extent that he was enabled to derive unconscionable personal profit from his position." Major findings in the report:

¶ Over the years, Kline upped his own salary from \$12,500 a year to \$48,000. Annuity and pension-plan payments, special funds, etc. ran his compensation for 1946-59 to a total of \$773,013—not counting the car he charged to the foundation or his expenses-paid trips to Europe, Latin America, Russia, Australia.

¶ In 1952-59 a Chicago direct-mail firm named Empire Industries, Inc. (later reorganized under various names) raked in \$19.5 million in donations under a fundraising contract with the Sister Elizabeth Kenny Foundation. Of this \$19.5 million, Empire kept \$11.5 million for fees, commissions and expenses, turned over only \$8,000,000 to the foundation. Boss of Empire: Abraham L. Koolish, presently under indictment in Chicago on a federal charge of mail fraud (raising funds for a phony charitable organization that was supposed to help disabled war veterans but never did).

¶ Minneapolis' Public Relations Man Fred Fadell got \$24,700 a year from the

foundation, also collected fat payoffs from Empire Industries and its successors—a total of \$344,300 from 1951 to 1959. Fadell split the take from Empire with ex-Mayor Kline, giving him a total of \$113,750, plus a piano. For a while, Fadell also had Kline's son and daughter on the payroll of his public relations firm.

It was obvious from Attorney General Mondale's report that the foundation's board of directors, made up of prominent businessmen and civic leaders, had been derelict in its utter failure to oversee the foundation's finances. Admitted former Board President R. Bruce Reinecker, a Minneapolis printing executive: "We put considerable trust in Marv Kline. Obviously, it wasn't justified."

tricky pattern of gulleys and holes in the sandy bottom. A weak swimmer, he wisely decided to wade ashore and hunt up another, safer ford, farther upstream.

Back at the camp, whistles suddenly skirled. The exercise was on. When the "rescue" party reached the designated ford and found no sign of George, the scout commanders assumed he had already reached the island and was waiting for help. Group Commander Rostyslaw Boykowycz, 20, halted his scouts and asked nonswimmers to raise their hands. None did. Boykowycz then tied a clothesline around his waist and stepped off into the frigid water. Clinging tightly to the line, 17 shivering scouts followed him.

Ten yards from the island, Boykowycz



George Sullivan

RESCUERS PULL SCOUT FROM WISCONSIN RIVER

"And now he is dead."

WISCONSIN

A Slip in the River

In the warm summer evening, the kids gathered under the scrub oak and jack pine on the west bank of the Wisconsin River and began to warm up an old-fashioned Ukrainian songfest. All of them (aged 7 to 20) were the sons and daughters of Ukrainian refugees living around Chicago. As dedicated members of a patriotic American-Ukrainian group called the Ukrainian Boy and Girl Scouts (no kin to the National Boy and Girl Scouts), they had looked forward all through the city's hard winter to the annual scout camp near Mauston, Wis.

While his pals sang, young George Senyk, 15, quietly slipped away. His counselors had designated him a "victim" for a training exercise. His orders were to wade to a small island some 400 yards off the river shore and "act like I was sick" until senior scouts arrived to save him. But George discovered that the river—shallow enough when the counselors had tested it that morning—had risen dangerously. Its swift current was washing a

stepped into a hole and lost his footing. He slipped under and was swept downstream. Behind him, scrambling for footholds or handholds, the entire line was washed into deep water. Some panicked. By the time Boykowycz regained his footing and helped other counselors drag survivors ashore, six scouts had drowned. But their absence was not noted until the bedraggled bunch had been assembled on the shore for roll call.

"It was an operation that might have been questionable for the U.S. Marines," said Mauston District Attorney Roland Vieth. It was also an operation that had destroyed the pleasures of their new homeland for the bereaved parents. Peter Kurylak, whose lost twelve-year-old, Orest, had been born in a German D.P. camp, spoke for all of them: "I did not send my boy to the Army. I sent him to camp to relax, to get away from the city and the traffic. Twelve years I was working for that one son I had. I drove him to school when he was little. I went over at noon to see how he played, what he did. I wanted him in camp so he wouldn't see the gangs, the boys his age smoking. And now he is dead."

NEW FACE FOR AMERICA ABROAD

ONE dismal night just before the turn of the century, so the story goes, a London hobbyist approached an American leaning wearily against a lamp-post, summarily ordered him along home. "Home! Home!" came the answer in a twanging New England accent. "I have no home. I am the American ambassador."

Like any U.S. ambassador in those days, Joseph Hodges Choate had been sent to the Court of St. James's with little more than his credentials and traveling expenses, was left to himself to find some house that would serve as both home and embassy. It was not until 1911 that the U.S. State Department made any concerted effort to acquire buildings abroad, and not until after World War II did Congress decide that the nation's burgeoning responsibilities demanded buildings to match.

Today, the new diplomatic face the U.S. presents to foreign capitals is one Americans can be proud of. In the past six years, the U.S. has completed 18 new embassies, 14 new consulates from Accra to Caracas to Kobe. As a result of a bold decision made in 1954, they are some of the handsomest, most original modern structures anywhere.

Credit for the decision goes to the State Department's Office of Foreign Buildings, headed by long-term Career Officer William P. Hughes. He concluded that neither Renaissance palaces (which too much recalled the past) nor glass boxes (which often clashed with traditional architecture, raised more hackles than they

soothed) adequately represented the U.S. today. An advisory group of top architects was set up, and some 50 outstanding architects were called on for plans.

At Home Abroad. Keynote of the new program was that the building should be modern but related to the culture and style of the country in which it was to be built. Designers were expected to travel to the sites, familiarize themselves with the climate and customs, local construction methods and materials. The results were dramatic. Under the impact of foreign cultures, many architects were inspired to new departures from modern architecture's dogmatic restraints, evolved a host of lively new concepts to create buildings that are graciously at home in the community, friendly and yet dignified.

As with any bold architectural venture, the results have often met with a mixed critical reaction. Eero Saarinen's Oslo embassy (*opposite*) has been warmly praised, while his nearly completed London embassy, which combines traditional Portland stone with straw-colored aluminum trim, has been sharply taken to task for being too brash and bright. In New Delhi, Edward D. Stone adopted the form of an Indian temple and wrapped it with a lacy grille that lights up like a jewel box at night. The New Delhi embassy has been so widely admired that it now stays open on Sundays to accommodate the swarms of Indian visitors, while its dramatic use of the grille has brought this device, long a traditional part of Hindu temples, back into high architectural fashion.

Around the world the U.S. is now reaping the rewards of good architecture. In Kobe, Japan, where 600 U.S. citizens and Japanese this week turned out for the Fourth of July reception, Japanese guests went out of their way to express their pleasure that the modern, technologically advanced structure had been shaped to complement a traditional Japanese garden. In Port-au-Prince, Haiti, U.S. Ambassador Gerald Augustin Drew was proudly showing off his one-month-old embassy on Harry S. Truman Boulevard as the most completely air-conditioned building on the island.

Marble & Mahogany. In Greece, Athenians were pleased that the new U.S. embassy designed by Walter Gropius will make copious use of the same Pentelic marble that the ancients used to build the Parthenon. In Baghdad, where temperatures rise over 110° F. and air conditioning is not available, Architect José Luis Sert solved the problem by threading a flow of water from the nearby Tigris River through the buildings, incorporating screens, high ceilings and playful parasol roofs to make the quarters habitable during the hot season. In The Hague, U.S. Ambassador Philip Young found that he could do his work with a great deal more efficiency now that his embassy, previously scattered over four different buildings in various sectors of the city, was unified into one complex. He also took considerable satisfaction in the fact that all winter long Dutch boys and girls trooped in regularly at noon hour to watch movies about the U.S. in the embassy's new 120-seat auditorium.

On lower levels, too, the new buildings were paying off. In Caracas, where the passport section issued 26,000 visas last year, Consul General Louis Mason Drury made the point: "It's the visa and passport work that pretty much shapes your reputation with people. This building has paid for itself already as far as public relations are concerned." In Indonesia, Chargé d'Affaires John W. Henderson found the new air-conditioned embassy had raised morale higher than in any of his previous six posts: "It's a building of which Americans can be proud. I consider it neither ostentatious nor unduly modest in the role the U.S. is playing in this part of the world."

The most bizarre compliment of all is the one paid to the new embassy in Accra, Ghana—the most recently established of all the U.S.'s 79 embassies. A free, floating structure on stilts designed by Chicago Architect Harry Weese to make maximum use of local mahogany (so inexpensive locally that it is used to make soft-drink crates), it has so taken the Ghanaians' eyes that the government now wants it for its very own for ministerial offices. The U.S. State Department last week agreed to negotiate the sale, with the proviso that another site be made available for a bigger and even handsomer embassy building.





U.S. EMBASSY in Oslo, designed by Eero Saarinen, was built on triangular site and opens into four-story-tall court enriched with travertine floor

and teak screens to provide warm interior during long Norwegian winter. Norwegians like new embassy, rank it among capital's major attractions.



GHANA: Embassy building was designed by Chicago Architect Harry Weese to make maximum use of inexpensive native mahogany and reinforced concrete. To catch breezes, building is

elevated on earthquake-resistant columns shaped to resemble buttresses of primitive tribal huts. Interior court (below) has pool and graceful stairway leading to reception room and offices.





ARCHITECT: MINORU YAMASAKI



KOBE: Consulate for leading Japanese seaport is outstanding example of harmonious meeting of East and West. Detroit Architect Minoru Yamasaki used bronze, aluminum and plastic

to create air-conditioned offices that recall lightness and delicacy of traditional Japanese pavilion. Local architects praise blending of garden and modern building, call it "a revelation."



BAGHDAD: Parasol roofs top still unfinished ambassador's residence (*left*) and two-story reception hall (*right*).

designed by Harvard Dean of Architecture José Luis Sert. Concrete terraces have pools filled from nearby Tigris.



DJAKARTA: Marble screens cut glare in embassy designed for Indonesia by Antonin Raymond and Ladislav L. Rado.

Building was given imposing façade and dramatic porte-cochere (*right*) because it will face on plaza planned for area.





THE HAGUE. Beehive pattern of limestone and granite was used by Architect Marcel Breuer in facade of embassy group. Building at right houses library and information services with

embassy proper at left. Modern structure erected in city's old quarter at first caused alarm among Dutch critics but is now welcomed as forceful architecture and good neighbor.



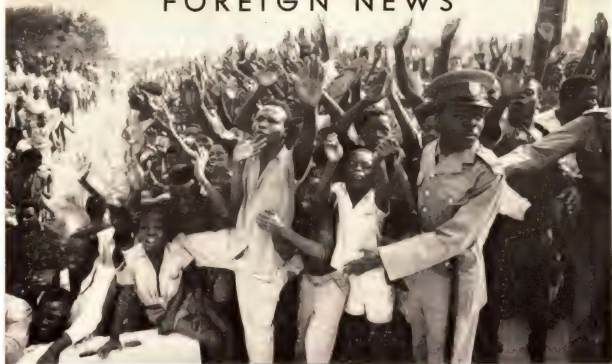


RABAT: Ambassador's residence to be finished this fall overlooks capital of Morocco. Buildings designed by Morris Ketchum Jr. use local sandstone from ancient Roman quarry.

NEW DELHI: Monumental embassy by Edward D. Stone is centered on 186-ft.-long water court protected by canopy of gold-colored mesh. Nehru found effect "enchanting."



FOREIGN NEWS



CONGOLESE CELEBRATING INDEPENDENCE
Striding out of the Stone Age to especially composed cha-chas.

THE NATIONS

For History & Pride

In the leap of modern history, A.D. 1960 will break records in the building of new nations. Last week four proud nations of empire—Britain, France, Italy and Belgium—benevolently watched old colonies become independent new countries.

¶ Striding out of the Stone Age in a matter of decades, the Belgian Congo's 14 million citizens proclaimed the Republic of Congo, second-largest African state in size and potentially the richest.

¶ To the northwest, the Mali Federation—Senegal and the Sudanese Republic—declared itself free.

¶ On Africa's eastern shoulder, the Somali Republic was born.

¶ The island of Madagascar became the independent Malagasy Republic.

¶ Ghana, already an independent dominion in the British Commonwealth, formally became a republic.

¶ Cyprus, whose long, bloody rebellion had almost been forgotten as negotiations dragged on, finally reached agreement with Britain, will become an independent nation next month.

It was a record the Western "imperialists" could be proud of, and could proudly match against the record of the Communists. Russian and Chinese alike, who have yet to release any satellite they have ever taken over anywhere.

The flood of new nations was creating new eddies and currents in world affairs. United Nations officials pointed out that in the next General Assembly, the African-Asian group will be the U.N.'s largest single voting bloc. On Oct. 1, Nigeria,

most populous (35 million) of all African states, joins the independence parade. Within two years, the U.N.'s last territories, Tanganyika, Ruanda-Urundi, and the British Cameroons, will get their freedom. Last week Mason Sears, longtime U.S. delegate to the U.N. Trusteeship Council, who has a special interest in Africa, cleaned out his desk and submitted his resignation. "In Africa," he said, "our job is done. It's all over."

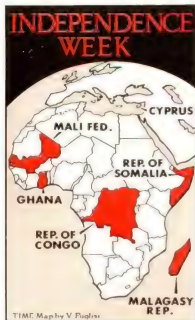
CONGO

Freedom at Last

Things were a little awkward from the very start, as young King Baudouin arrived in the Congo to celebrate and declare its independence. On the way into Léopoldville from the airport, an exuberant nationalist pressed close to his open limousine, grabbed the King's sword from beside him, and flourished it above his head before the police could move in and pommel him away. Later, as the King entered the new parliamentary chamber, where Ghanaians in togas mingled with bemedaled Western ambassadors, the Belgians shouted, "Vive le Roi!" The Congo Assemblymen, preferring to cheer the new nation's first President, replied with, "Vive Kasavubu!"

"May God protect the Congo!" said Baudouin, and formally proclaimed its independence. But New Premier Patrice Lumumba, jealous of the limelight everyone else was enjoying, took the opportunity to launch a vicious attack on the departing Belgian rulers. "Slavery was imposed on us by force!" he cried, as the King sat shocked and pale. "We have known ironies and insults. We remember the blows that we had to submit to morning, noon and night because we were Negroes!" Deeply offended, King Baudouin was ready to board his plane and return to Brussels forthwith. Only the urging from his ministers persuaded him to change his mind.

Mind the Citizens. Outside the hall, happy Congolese shouting "dependence!" swirled through the banner-filled streets as the radio blared cha-cha tunes espe-





KING BAUDOUIN IN LÉOPOLDVILLE ON INDEPENDENCE DAY
A record the West could be proud of.

Larry Burrows

cially composed for the occasion. To the surprise of many whites who expected pillaging and insults from the newly independent blacks, there was universal interracial politeness, even open camaraderie—with a few humorous exceptions: one white motorist driving along a main road was suddenly confronted by a carful of Congolese who skidded through an intersection shouting hilariously "Mind the citizens!" The only serious growls came from across the river in the French Congo, where Premier Abbé Fulbert Youlou complained that the Belgian Congolese had tithed the same title—Republic of Congo—that his autonomous (but not fully independent) country had already taken for itself.

But there were still grave dangers ahead for the fledgling nation. Moïse Tshombe, premier of rich Katanga province, whose mines provide 60% of the Congo's income, still threatened to secede rather than hand the province's revenues over to a powerful central government. "The Katanga cow will not be milked by Lumumba's serpents!" cried the secessionists, and reportedly they had the encouragement of some white businessmen. In reply, Léopoldville officials sent jets roaring low over the region in an obvious show of force.

From abroad came a big Russian diplomatic delegation, hoping to make political hay in the first confused days. But they got short shrift, were billeted in a second-rate hotel seven miles from town. It was the U.S.'s Special Envoy Robert Murphy whose towering figure bobbed up most frequently at the side of the Congo's new leaders. As a birthday present for the country that was starting from scratch with virtually no lawyers, doctors, educators or trained administrators, he announced that the U.S. will finance scholarships for 300 Congolese students to attend American universities.

SOMALIA

Nomad Nation

Of the new nations born last week, none faced bleaker prospects than the Somali Republic. Combining the former Italian and British colonies on Africa's horn, the country is largely a desert plateau, dotted with anthills as tall as a man, and roamed by a Moslem nomadic people whose per capita income from their herds is just \$10 a year. In a way, Somalia's only asset for nationhood is a small group of capable, moderate leaders. They bear no grudge against the West, because they bear no scars of a struggle for independence.

Standard bearer of freedom in the old Italian colony (pop. 1,500,000) is Abdullahi Issa, 38. His counterpart in the old British colony (pop. 640,000) is a British-educated rich man's son, Mohammed Ibrahim Egal, 32. When Issa brought up independence last year, Italy told him he could have it whenever he liked. Egal promptly asked for permission to join his colony to the new nation. Britain readily agreed. The two men quickly worked out a merger agreement, and last week the two legislatures simply combined. As the Somali Republic's Provisional President, Issa and Egal agreed on Aden Abdullah Osman, 51. Once a medical student, long a civil servant, Aden Abdullah is the closest thing Somalia has to a father of the country.

Aden Abdullah's main job will simply be to keep the country afloat, a task that the World Bank estimates will take \$600,000 a year in outside aid. Yet to the new officialdom, optimism came easy last week in the sidewalk espresso shops of sun-scorched Mogadishu, the capital and only major city, where the hot monsoon sometimes blows hard enough to whip off the tablecloths. Construction was being rushed on two jerry-built but air-condi-

tioned hotels. And like tribalists all over Africa, Somalis were talking ambitiously of redrawing the borders imposed by the white men to reunite their fellow tribesmen. Over the years, as their own land eroded, Somalis have settled thickly in the fertile regions of northern Kenya and eastern Ethiopia. Besides these areas, Greater Somalia would also include French Somaliland and its deep-water port of Djibouti. But however desirable from the Somali point of view, the plan was not likely to make for cordial relations with Somalia's neighbors.

Madagascar, the world's fourth-largest island, whose 5,000,000 inhabitants are largely descended from a far-voyaging group of Malayo-Polynesians who settled there perhaps 20 centuries ago, became the independent Malagasy Republic last week to the theme of banners reading "Long Live France, Country of Great Men!" Bulky, autocratic Philibert Tsiranana, the country's most popular figure, holds the offices of both President and Premier, and to avoid bothersome annoyance from Parliament, persuaded the legislators to give him the power to rule by decree. Though completely independent, the new republic will remain in the French Community. In return, France has promised to continue economic aid that in 1960 will total \$24 million, a fourth of the Malagasy budget.

GHANA

The Leopard Emerges

Ghana's Prime Minister Kwame Nkrumah had had the court poet at work for days. As Nkrumah arrived with cavalry escort and walked past the lily ponds flanking his \$280,000 state house, a crier raised his voice and chanted:

Sons of Ghana, we have assembled here in great joy.

The path of progress is ours to blaze.

Nkrumah strode toward the grand ballroom, and the great talking drums, the *atumpam*, took up the poem:

Listen, Ghana, listen to the news of the day.

Nkrumah, the nation builder.

The elephant that shatters the axe,

The mighty one unsmothered of bullets,

He that tracks him does so in vain.

The Premier passed slowly under the crystal chandeliers (*There is no hurry, no hurry, noble one. Walk slowly in majesty*), took his seat in the state chair, grasped the golden, double-edged state sword and took his oath. Then he walked to the balcony and waved at the crowds, while the talking drums throbbed:

He has bestirred himself.

The noble one has bestirred himself.

The leopard emerges from his lair

And walks slowly in majesty.

With that, Ghana became a republic within the British Commonwealth and many-splendored Nkrumah became its President.

DISARMAMENT

Exit of Geneva

With many a sanctimonious reference to the U.-, the Russians at Geneva have been pushing what they called a radically "new" disarmament plan. It was, in fact, simply another reshuffle of Nikita Khrushchev's proposal for a general and complete disarmament, which he delivered to a skeptical United Nations during his U.S. visit last year. But by incorporating an earlier suggestion of France's Jules Moch, which called for the elimination of all space, air and ground vehicles capable of delivering nuclear weapons, the Russians were able to create an air of sweet reasonableness and cast the West in the role of a hesitant and fearful opposition.

Four Stooges. Before last week's meeting opened in Geneva, U.S. Delegate Frederick Eaton stopped at the chair of the Soviet representative, Valerian Zorin. Eaton, who had just returned from Washington armed with a new plan, told Zorin he had with him a "positive" approach that would "advance our discussions." Instead of showing interest, Zorin replied gloomily that the discussions were going "badly."

Then the day's chairman, Poland's Marian Naszkowski, brought the meeting to order. Zorin got to his feet and, with a flashing of gold-crowned teeth, read off a six-page speech. Its import: Russia and her four stooges (Poland, Rumania, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia) were walking out on the conference because, said Zorin, the Western powers refused to consider "all practical disarmament steps." Abandoning Geneva, the Communists would now place the question of disarmament before the September meeting of the General Assembly of the U.N.

Western delegates clamored to get the floor. But Chairman Naszkowski ignored them and declared the meeting adjourned. As the Communists beat a hasty retreat, France's Jules Moch leaped up and shouted after them: "Hooliganism! Pure hooliganism! What a shameful performance!"

Orbiting Warheads. Britain's Minister of State for Foreign Affairs David Ormsby-Gore promptly reopened the meeting and allowed Delegate Eaton to read the new Western plan into the record. The U.S. proposals included 1) eventual control of the means of delivering nuclear weapons, 2) progressive reduction of armed forces, 3) advance notice of missile launchings, 4) a ban on space vehicles with nuclear warheads orbiting the earth. "It is not a glittering, utopian approach to the problem of disarmament," said Eaton, "but intended as a sound basis for serious negotiations."

Britain's Ormsby-Gore went to Zorin's Geneva villa, tried for 45 minutes to persuade him to resume the talks. At times, both men were shaking with anger. Later, a newsman asked Zorin if he did not feel that the Russian behavior was stupid from the point of view of public relations. In reply, Delegate Zorin snapped: "I didn't have anything to do with planning it. I just did what I was told."

COMMUNISTS

The Facts of Life

For weeks, Soviet and Chinese Communist leaders have been screaming at each other in the most unabashedly public row between Communist states since Tito's Yugoslavia broke away in 1948. Last week the dispute was officially closed when the two governments and ten other Communist states signed an agreement in Bucharest upholding Nikita Khrushchev's doctrine of peaceful coexistence. Proclaimed Peking's Madame Sun Yat-sen: "It is simply a lie" that Red China—as so many Chinese orators and editors had been saying at the top of their voices—opposed coexistence with "the imperialists."

Beyond the polemics, the practical facts of life dictate that Peking and Moscow will stick together, and that Moscow will generally get its way. The Chinese are dependent on the Soviet Union for their atomic protection, and it is Russia that must provide the heavy machinery without which China cannot pretend to be a great power. Since 1950, the Russians have delivered to China an estimated \$1 billion in credits, including 201 industrial projects. They have given China a small experimental nuclear reactor and a cyclotron—but no atomic weapons. The Russians provide all China's jet aircraft, much of its heavy military gear. Nearly all of China's aviation fuel is still brought by rail from the Soviet Union, creating a strategic dependence on Moscow for a prime material of war.

The proud Chinese are making prodigious efforts to repay the Russians for their aid and to free themselves of their need for it (officials "hope" they will be self-sufficient in machine-tool production by 1970). They keep their Soviet tech-

nicians apart in a suburb of Peking and forbid their own students in Russia to marry or keep company with Russians. They make the most of their sheer numbers. In the *China Quarterly*, Professor Robert C. North of Stanford University tells of talking to one gloomy Soviet engineer who had worked out the possibilities as neatly as a chess problem: "Suppose nuclear war breaks out between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. Clearly, we destroy each other, and China wins. Suppose, on the other hand, that a war breaks out between the U.S. and China—what happens then? You Americans drop nuclear bombs on China and kill a few million people, and the other 500 million or more dig in. Mao Tse-tung calls on us for support, and so again the Russians and the Americans destroy each other—and China still wins."

The Chinese, irritated by Khrushchev's attempts to deal with capitalist leaders in the West without consulting them, can press the Soviet leadership to act and talk more militantly. Chinese power is growing, and the differences grow as the junior partner grows. But two facts are clear: 1) China is still junior; 2) it is still a partnership.

AUSTRIA

The Sandman

CHILDREN, THE SANDMAN IS COMING. "Do you still believe in storks and peace doves?" queried the Vienna daily *Express* as Nikita Khrushchev started his visit to Austria. Austrians evidently did not. Simply by cold silence they turned Khrushchev's first good-will tour outside the Iron Curtain since the summit into a road-show flop.

Most of the diplomatic corps, including



London Daily Mirror

RUSSIAN SURGERY

U.S. Ambassador H. Freeman Matthews, boycotted the airport reception; only 500 people turned up to watch Khrushchev bounce down the ramp all smiles. The scattered crowds on the streets to town barely outnumbered the 8,000 cops and nearly 1,000 plainclothesmen assigned to protect Khrushchev from Vienna's big refugee population. Since the Soviet press had already promised a "huge and joyous" reception, Soviet cameramen did what they could; they rounded up a loyal band of local Communists, herded them from stopping place to stopping place, scrambling about to shoot the same few faces from every possible angle. Though they dutifully reported in *Pravda* that "the center of Vienna has blossomed into smiles—the

treaty" ending the occupation. Raab's motive: the reparations agreement under which Austria has been paying Russia \$25 million a year in a wide range of manufactured goods ends next year. Raab would like to convert the agreement into a straight trade deal, so that the Russians would buy what the Austrians have heretofore been forced to give them free. He also wants to avoid any Khrushchev temper tantrums that would embarrass Austrian neutrality.

But as Nikita and party climbed into an air-conditioned bus with radiotelephone, television set, and bar for a tour of the green Austrian countryside, no good will began to blossom. Though Khrushchev has no reported heart condition

ference to study new ways to speed integration, both economic and political.

To keep pace, the rival Outer Seven dominated by Britain cut tariffs between themselves by 20%, the first practical step to be taken since the Seven group was organized last May. The impact on trade patterns was almost instantly apparent. Some British automobiles will sell for \$50 less in Denmark; West German chemicals can now undersell their British competition in The Netherlands but can be undersold in turn in Sweden. The split between the Common Market's Six and the Outer Seven was widening.

ESPIONAGE

Der Doktor

Somewhere in West Germany last week, two of the free world's top intelligence chiefs met in secret conference. One was pipe-smoking Allen Dulles, head of the U.S.'s Central Intelligence Agency. The other: shadowy Reinhard Gehlen, 58, head of West Germany's Federal Intelligence Service and a man who has been giving the Communists fits for nearly 20 years.

Under Cover Names. The Communists have tried hard to eliminate Gehlen. In a 1953 ambush on a lonely road near Munich, Gehlen escaped death only because his windshield was of bulletproof glass. Attempts to get at his wife and four children have been narrowly frustrated. Gehlen travels under a variety of cover names, and has not been photographed since the war years. Unable to do him bodily harm, the Communists scream that Gehlen is the high priest of a revived Nazism (he never joined the Nazi Party); the current Red line is that Gehlen is plotting the rescue of Mass Murderer Adolf Eichmann from the Israelis.

As a career officer in the Wehrmacht, Gehlen had charge of intelligence on the bloody Eastern front. Late in 1944 he reported that the Russians were planning a huge winter offensive, accurately predicted that it would crush the Nazis' Eastern armies. Hitler raged that Gehlen's report was "the greatest bluff since Genghis Khan," shouted that he should be sent to a lunatic asylum. Replied Chief of Staff Heinz Guderian: "Then send me there with him."

As the Allies closed in, Gehlen looked to the future. Deciding that the U.S. and Russia would be the next antagonists, he selected 50 cases of important documents from his files, hid them in Bavaria. Then he ordered 30 key officers of his staff to go underground and wait for word from him. He himself holed up in a mountain chalet, and several weeks later marched down, surrendered himself to U.S. authorities. At the same time, he made them a proposition: he would make his hidden files and his staff men available to provide intelligence on the Soviet Union. The U.S. agreed, set up Gehlen and his men in a closely guarded compound outside Frankfurt. Exactly what Gehlen and his men did during the following years is still closely veiled, but a U.S. official says: "They were mostly useful in squelching various



UPI

KHRUSHCHEV & WELCOMING CROWD IN VIENNA
Said the Soviet press: "A huge and joyous reception."

Schwarzenbergplatz is a sea of people," the Soviet newsmen complained bitterly to Austrian colleagues about the "barbaric" and "uncultured" welcome.

Khrushchev's own manners were no help. At a special performance of *The Magic Flute* by the Vienna State Opera, he dozed off to sleep, an amazing affront to opera-loving Viennese. And next day, when Communist-led workers in an automobile factory gave him the warmest reception of the trip, Nikita turned beaming braggart. "I am like the merchant who comes to the market with a bag full of goods," he said. "I can say to all of you: Wrap up all your goods and send them to us. We can buy all of Austria." Nikita was just as cavalier about Berlin. The 2,000,000 people in the Western sector were not important in themselves, he observed. "If I told Russian men to make a little more of effort, they could make that many people in nine months."

Chancellor Julius Raab was carefully cordial, remembering that "it was he [Khrushchev] who in 1955 initiated changes in Soviet foreign policy which made possible the conclusion of the state

(but is eminently qualified at a hefty 66 years old), the Russians called off a night on 12,461-ft. Gross Glockner, Austria's highest mountain, for unexplained "medical reasons." And in Vienna one old lady gave the popular verdict: "He's getting a lot less attention than that good-looking Shah of Iran, who visited here last month."

COMMON MARKET

The Barriers Dip

Still on its timetable, the European Common Market last week cut tariffs between its six member nations another 10%. The second 10% cut since the market got going, it will be followed by a third at the end of the year. Import quotas will not be completely abolished until the end of 1961, but voluntary liberalization has already brought free flow of a big range of industrial and consumer goods. The system is working so well—trade among the Six was up 29% and trade with the rest of the world up 8% last year—that West Germany will soon urge a special Common Market con-

Celebrated cow makes leap to moon



The Milky Way is all churned up with news that one of Elsie's Borden trucks has run more than 250,000 miles without an overhaul. That's well past the moon in a single jump.

Most significant, the record was made over a punishing route, from ranches in California's San Joaquin Valley, up the 6% grades of Altamont Pass, and down to Oakland. Trucks on this run had always showed the highest maintenance costs in Borden's fleet.

Seeking to cut expense, Borden tested Shell Rotella Oil in the crankcase of a new gasoline-powered truck, with changes at regular intervals. Results were spectacular. The big truck was still going after 255,732 miles. Not a tool had touched the engine head, cylinders or pistons.

Lubricants that help machines last longer are another example of Shell's research in action. This research leadership benefits you whenever you use products bearing the Shell name and trademark.



ENGEL JONES
The Borden Company



THE BORDEN COMPANY recently set a record by operating one of its gasoline-powered trucks more than a quarter-million miles without overhaul. It was lubricated by a product of Shell Research.

Leaders in Industry rely on Shell

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Cadillac



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alarms; they knew a lot more about the Russians than anyone we had."

Sliding Doors. After West Germany became a sovereign state in 1955, the new government took over Gehlen's operation. For the past 13 years Gehlen has been established in the village of Pullach, some five miles from Munich, in a tree-shaded compound on the banks of the Isar River. Surrounded by a 10-ft. concrete wall, the compound looks like a housing development, with neat lawns and flower beds, lace-curtained villas and administration buildings. At each entrance are electrically operated sliding doors of steel mesh, with sentry boxes manned by armed and uniformed guards. Gehlen's own headquarters are separately enclosed by a steel fence, and his paneled, second-floor office contains only one symbol of his profession: a box of cigars labeled *Geheimdienst* (Secret Service). In Washington, Allen Dulles also keeps a gag prop on his desk—a plaster statuette of a man with a cloak and dagger.)

Gehlen, like Dulles, has a rather professorial air. Of medium height, with a square, leathery face, blue eyes, a high forehead, outsize ears and a thin brown mustache, Gehlen's manner is a courteous blend of wit and erudition, but he has a steely core of devotion to duty and to Germany. The victories and defeats of the Gehlen organization are seldom publicized. He is known to have been instrumental in virtually destroying the 1948 Czech spy ring in West Germany and in duping the Soviets for two years with a highly placed double agent. It was Gehlen who managed the remarkable feat of planting an agent in the Cabinet of East Germany's Red boss, Walter Ulbricht, and when the Communists finally caught on, spiriting him to safety in the West.

Gehlen's group numbers some 5,000 fulltime members and another 5,000 occasional employees, all of whom refer to him as "der Doktor." The organization operates on two fronts: it collects and evaluates intelligence largely from behind the Iron Curtain and detects foreign agents operating in West Germany, who may then be either won over, fed false information or arrested. Since 1951, Communist agents to the number of 1,799 have been jailed in West Germany and another 16,500 detected but unpunished—mostly people who confessed voluntarily or proved that they had been intimidated or had done no damage.

Double Trouble. Gehlen agents come in four categories: 1) those who penetrate the various Red parties and administrations; 2) those who live near important target areas or in close contact with important Communist personages and can therefore make continuing reports; 3) itinerant travelers trained to keep their eyes peeled for specific subjects of interest; 4) double agents, i.e., spies who are ostensibly working for the Communists but actually work for the West. Gehlen does not engage in such activities as sowing unrest in East Germany or attempting to stir up riots or sabotage. He thinks it futile and dangerous to en-



GERMANY'S GEHLEN (1944)
A chairborne U-2.

courage insurrection if it is not to be supported by military help from the West.

Germans are proud of Gehlen's professional competence. When he was leaving for the U.S. early last month, West German Defense Minister Franz-Josef Strauss was jokingly asked if he planned to buy a U-2 spy plane in Washington. Cracked Strauss: "What would we do with it? Our man Gehlen does things better—and he has never been caught."

FRANCE

Early Frost

The Algerian war has lasted more than five years, and it was not to be settled in anything like five days.

Meeting in Melun, 30 miles southeast of Paris, the F.L.N.'s Ahmed Boumendjel spent five days in talks with Roger Moris, De Gaulle's Secretary of State for Algeria. The exchanges were so frosty that the Algerians complained of "a Panmunjom atmosphere." Boumendjel asked whether F.L.N. "Premier" Ferhat Abbas, if he came to Paris, would be free to move about, whether he could be sure of treating with President de Gaulle personally, whether F.L.N. negotiators could confer with Ben Bella, the F.L.N. leader whom the French kidnapped four years ago on a flight between Morocco and Tunisia. Moris relayed each question to Premier Michel Debré, who in turn relayed it to De Gaulle. The answers: De Gaulle would certainly not see Ferhat Abbas until a cease-fire had been signed. No contact with Ben Bella would be permitted. As for Ferhat Abbas' freedom of movement, it would be the same as that enjoyed by Boumendjel at Melun—i.e., he would

have no chance to see the press or anyone but French officials. At week's end Boumendjel flew back to Tunis. "What France wanted was capitulation talks," snorted one of his superiors in Tunis.

In taking a tough opening stand, De Gaulle was not only sizing up the rebels but also looking to the nuances of opinion in the forces behind him. General Paul Ely, Gaullist head of France's Joint Chiefs of Staff, is known to believe that negotiations should be long in order that the army can be persuaded to go along with the government at every step. Former Chief of General Staff General Georges Revers last week issued a statement, in the name of a veterans group called "The Army Organization of the Resistance," warning against "abandonment" of Algeria and political negotiations with the rebels. Yet De Gaulle's Delegate-General for Algeria, Paul Delouvrier, obviously preparing Algerian European settlers for other possibilities, broadcast last week that "it would be a mistake to think . . . the discussions will be solely military. The very fact that the combatants are installed on the territory of other countries [Tunisia and Morocco] leads to the presumption that things will go beyond the simply military stage."

As rebel leaders met to discuss the second round, there was talk in Tunis that the Algerians might send a ministerial delegation to Paris, but Premier Abbas might not be in it. "This is a lull, not a break," said an Algerian rebel at week's end.

JAPAN

The People Speak

Three weeks after the rioting throngs in Tokyo forced the cancellation of President Eisenhower's visit to Japan, one section of the Japanese people got their first chance to express their feelings on 1) how they felt about the new U.S.-Japanese security pact, and 2) Premier Nobusuke Kishi, whose Liberal Democrats had approved it. The vote took place in relatively remote Aomori prefecture, which is coincidentally the site of one of the largest U.S. Air Force bases in Japan. There Liberal Democrat Governor Iwao Yamazaki was running for re-election. His Socialist opponent went all out to argue that a vote for Yamazaki was a vote for U.S. bases, for Kishi, and possibly for war. Last week Aomori's farmers and fishermen responded by giving Yamazaki 45,000 votes more than he had received in 1956, to defeat his Socialist rival 295,000 to 186,000.

Japanese pundits viewed the results with caution. While Yamazaki has been an able governor with a strong popular following, the election took place during the planting season, and the turnout was only 62% of the voters. But at the least, the Aomori election was strong evidence that the frenzied mobs that had snaked around the Diet for days on end (another 25,000 turned out on call last week to demonstrate against the pact) were not the expression of some deep country-wide revulsion against Kishi's policy of alliance with the U.S.

SOUTH VIET NAM Problem of One Man

A prominent youth leader, Lieut. Colonel Nguyen Van Bong, drove last week along a highway north of Saigon. His car was riddled and set afire by a fusillade from a Communist ambush. Each month, from 250 to 300 government officials and supporters are brutally murdered by Red guerrillas. "It's like trying to swat mosquitoes," grumbled a soldier. "While you're hitting one, you're being bitten by another."

South Viet Nam is clearly the target of a new Communist offensive in Southeast Asia. President Ngo Dinh Diem has doubtfully faced crises before. Bolstered

has no real contact with ordinary citizens or confidence in their judgments. Since an assassination attempt three years ago, Diem is constantly surrounded by police; he has neither the desire nor the ability to be a folksy man of the people. The peasants, who blame the government for a one-third fall in the price of rice this year, view Diem as a remote and austere figure, while they must contend with nightly raids by Red terrorists. To the city intellectuals, Diem's one-man rule is increasingly galling. They argue that his administration could be more liberal without impeding economic progress or exposing itself to Communist infiltration.

Diem, they charge, has a phobia about any criticism. In last year's rigged elec-

National Assembly and the country's leading feminist, Nhu, intellectual, articulate, smooth, has all the qualities Diem lacks. Though he holds no government position, Nhu works in a soundproof palace office, surrounded by books and stuffed animal heads. Diem takes Brother Nhu's advice on army promotions, government appointments and business contracts. One of Nhu's pet projects is the *Can Lao Nhan Vi* (Revolutionary Labor Party), whose 70,000 "underground" members throughout the nation spend much of their time giving police information about their neighbors. There is persistent Saigon gossip about corruption in "high places," and, invariably, the names of Nhu and his wife are linked to all big business deals.

What reformers want from Diem is not so much more liberty as more flexibility and efficiency in his government. They would like to see 1) Nhu and his wife leave on an "extended vacation"; 2) the breakup of the underground *Can Lao* party, with its intricate business and police connections; 3) merit promotions in the armed forces—eight of the army's 17 generals are political appointees; 4) some delegation of authority by Diem, who must learn either to trust his ministers or to appoint ministers he can trust; 5) sanction for a democratic opposition.

"We have no alternative," said a troubled Vietnamese. "There is no solid opposition, no agitating students, no organized army leaders. The only alternative to Diem is Communism. We cannot abandon him, but he must bring in reform."

NEPAL

Border Incident

Bustling into the Himalayan kingdom of Nepal on the way home from his trip to India last spring, Red China's Premier Chou En-lai wore his sunniest friendliness grin. Moulding sentiments of peace and solidarity, Chou happily played the role of Nepal's big brother in Asia, signed a Treaty of Peace and Friendship with Nepal's Premier B. P. Koirala that was designed to soothe border frictions.

Last week Chou sent a special note to Nepal's Foreign Office to assure it that Red Chinese troops pursuing Tibetan rebels would not violate Nepal's borders (thereby admitting for the first time that there was a rebellion in Tibet). Two days later, a Chinese Communist party attacked a Nepalese border patrol, killed one officer, kidnapped 17 Nepalese.

Nepal took alarm; the Nepalese Senate passed a resolution calling for military training for boys and girls over 14 years old, and Koirala fired off a protest.

For once Chou seemed almost embarrassed, hastily ordered a complete investigation, at week's end apologized profusely. "The scheme of imperialists to make use of this incident to spread slander and show discord between China and Nepal will never succeed," said he. Despite Chou's protestations, the incident proved once more that Red China has an astonishingly casual attitude toward the borders of its neighbors.



MME. NGO DINH NHU



NHU, BISHOP THUC AND BROTHER DIEM
Government by family.

by \$1 billion in U.S. aid, Diem courageously saved a nation that had been written off by the experts when it was created in 1955. He smashed the "armies" of the militant religious sects, welcomed and resettled nearly a million refugees who had fled Communist North Viet Nam, embarked on ambitious projects in road building, railways, land reform and agricultural credit. A start has been made in safeguarding the peasants by moving them from scattered villages into self-contained "agrovilles," each with its own school, dispensary and home-defense force.

Nightly Visitors. But as South Viet Nam faced the new Communist assault, Western observers were uneasy at Diem's failure to win enthusiastic support for his regime. The dissatisfaction is not organized, and it has no outstanding spokesmen. It takes the form of grumbling and snide criticism around Saigon's café tables, a sense of apathy among the peasants. Much of it centers on the character of Diem himself.

No one questions Diem's courage, his personal honesty or his great achievements. But he is an aristocrat by birth,

one opposition candidate unexpectedly won a seat in the National Assembly. As he walked up the steps of the Assembly building to attend his first parliamentary meeting, he was arrested and accused of such infractions of the law as starting his campaign too early and making "false promises" to the voters. In April, a group of 18 former officials, ranging from the president of the Vietnamese Red Cross to the brother of the Ambassador to the U.S., petitioned Diem to liberalize his regime. Diem ignored them and, perhaps as a warning, ordered the arrest of 30 doctors, journalists and students suspected of "affiliation with the Communists" and sent them to join some 30,000 others in political re-education camps. To protests, Diem has a stubborn answer: "Security must come before liberty."

Stuffed Heads. Because of his distrust of other people, Diem rules largely through his family. One brother controls central Viet Nam; another is Ambassador to London; a third is the Roman Catholic Bishop of Vinhlong. Diem's closest adviser is a fourth brother, Nhu Dinh Nhu, whose pretty wife is a member of the

Mallory leads again in dry battery development



One Battery Does Three Jobs

Own a portable radio? A flashlight? A flash camera? Up to now, you had to buy a *different* battery for each. The reason: radios draw small currents for long times, flashlights take moderate current continuously, flash guns take a lot of current in bursts. So battery makers produce tailor-made batteries for each.

But... here's a battery that does all three jobs, and does each better! Mallory, pioneer of the mercury battery, has now developed a Manganese Battery... which outlasts conventional batteries five to one in flashlights, two to one in flash guns. In radios, it lasts two to three times as long as ordinary batteries—is excelled only by mercury batteries.

It survives two years of shelf storage, more than double that of usual batteries. It never leaks, because it's armored with a double steel case. Penny for penny, it gives more service than any conventional dry cell.

If you buy batteries, you'll like the extra value they give you. If you sell batteries, you'll like their extra consumer appeal. If you make battery-powered devices, you'll like the extra convenience and merchandising appeal they add to your products.

Penlite "AA" sizes now on their way to market. Standard "C" and "D" sizes will be available later this year.

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THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

An End to Forbearance

The U.S. last week junked its policy of "patience and forbearance" toward Fidel Castro's Cuba. Its patience was long since gone; its forbearance no longer seemed productive. Rather than wise restraint, it was beginning to look like mere helplessness and timidity.

Protest. The State Department, in a memorandum to the peace committee of the 21-nation Organization of American States, cited details of Cuba's systematic campaign of "distortions, half-truths and outright falsehoods" against the U.S. Item: Despite U.S. denials and without producing evidence, Cuba repeatedly blames the U.S. for the March explosion of the ammunition ship *La Coubre* in Havana harbor, has repeated its accusation in Castro speeches and in pamphlets distributed by Cuban ambassadors throughout Latin America. The U.S. put up with such slander, but, said the State Department note in its key sentence, "this exercise of restraint has been in vain."

To avoid giving the impression that the U.S. was concerned more over property losses than violation of broad international principles, the State Department's note

made no mention of Castro's confiscation of the property of U.S. citizens.

The memo was purposely presented in a form that did not call for action by the committee or by the OAS. Angry as the U.S. is at Castro's attacks, it bears in mind the fact that although almost every Latin American government is fed up with Castro, many among the peasant masses in these countries still have a misty, remote view of Castro as a savior of their kind, and as a symbol of rebellion against their miserable lot. A government that voted to condemn Castro in the OAS would risk popular wrath at home. Such being the case, the U.S. decided to present a formal list of Castro's excesses for the record, to justify the new U.S. policy of economic action against Castro that is beginning to take form.

Threat. Congress provides the means to put the new policy into action. With an election-year sensitivity to the ire that Castro has aroused among voters across the U.S., the House and Senate passed last-minute, pre-convention measures to give President Eisenhower power to eliminate or reduce Cuban sugar quotas. Sugar is Cuba's biggest crop, and the action can hurt—and can also lead to further Castro reprisals on the billion-dollar private U.S. investment in the island. But then, so long as Castro lasts, U.S. property exists at his whim anyway.

President Eisenhower could, at his discretion, restore any part of the sugar cuts, presumably adjusting the amount to the extent of reprisal he deems prudent. Ike's new powers would make sense out of the absurd system whereby the U.S., by paying 5¢ per lb., is subsidizing the losses that Cuba suffers in exporting sugar to the U.S.S.R. at the below-cost price of 2½¢ per lb. in exchange for Russian crude oil. Cuba's quota would be shifted to other regular foreign suppliers.

Oil from Russia

Lacking water power, coal or petroleum, Cuba runs on imported oil. For many years, the oil has flowed from Shell, Jersey Standard or Texaco wells in Venezuela, traveled in Shell, Jersey Standard or Texaco tankers to Cuba, been refined at Shell, Jersey Standard or Texaco refineries at Santiago or Havana. It was paid for with dollars earned by selling sugar in the U.S.

Tempted by visions of bartering sugar for oil, and taking the advice of the Communist who is his chief economic brain, Ernesto ("Che") Guevara, Fidel Castro last week turned to Russia for the oil to run Cuba. In doing so, he seized a \$20 million Texaco refinery and a \$35 million Jersey Standard (Esso) refinery, both U.S.-owned, and a \$20 million refinery of Canadian Shell, Ltd.

Command Decision. Some such showdown has been in the making ever since Castro signed an agreement with the visiting Soviet trader, Anastas Mikoyan, last February to sell Russia 5,000,000 tons of sugar and buy 10 million bbl. of Russian oil (half a normal year's needs) in return. Castro's government asked the refineries to process the Russian crude. They consulted and refused. For a time, the Cubans did not press further. But three weeks ago, a Cuban economic mission traveled to Moscow and signed an agreement to buy additional Soviet oil at a price that Castro claimed as \$1 less than the \$2.80 per bbl. the foreign refineries were paying their Venezuela affiliates. This time the Cubans flatly demanded that the refineries take the Russian crude.

It would not be the first time.* But the oil refiners were convinced that Castro's squeeze would not end here: eventual confiscation seemed certain. Texaco sent its staff families home and prepared for further trouble. For months the Cuban government had refused to allow the oil companies to exchange pesos for hard currency to pay for crude. Remittances were more than \$60 million in arrears. Moreover, using Russian oil would disrupt the well-to-pump integration that big oil companies count on for efficiency and profits. The companies decided to stand fast. Last week Castro sent two barges of Russian crude to Texaco's refinery near Santiago with orders to refine or get out. Even before the barges arrived, Texaco's officials had left. The refinery was adjusted to handle the Russian crude, and production started.

Obliging Greeks. To supply the 20 million bbl. of oil that Cuba burns each year, between 15 and 25 tankers will have to travel constantly between the Black Sea and Cuba. A group of "golden Greek"

* Two-thirds of the gas that Shell and Esso sell in Finland comes from Russia. But this is based in part on recognizing that Finland keeps political independence by accepting some economic dependence on its big Russian neighbor.



CASTRO SOLDIERS GUARDING ESSO REFINERY IN HAVANA
All the power that runs Cuba is at Moscow's mercy.

Associated Press



Puerto Rico's lush all-year green landscape. Photo by David H. Phillips, photographer for the Puerto Rico Department of Tourism.

Suddenly everybody's summering in Puerto Rico

PUERTO RICO is a wonderful place to escape the oppressive swelter of summer. Tell this to some people and they still raise their eyebrows.

Tell them that Alaska actually has hotter summer days than Puerto Rico—and they go into a state of shock.

We hope our lime-cool photograph will help convince such people that what we say about the Puerto Rican summer

is true. We only wish they could hear the silken whisper of the trade wind in those trees. It's the only air-conditioner we know that is a joy to listen to.

Here are some refreshing facts to back up our picture. Puerto Rico's average temperatures vary only six degrees between winter and summer. The sun shines about 360 days a year. There is no rainy season. And most Puerto Rican

hotels celebrate the summer by reducing rates.

Only one warning. See your travel agent now for summer reservations. Summer used to be a slow season. It isn't any more.

For a free 16-page color booklet, write Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Tourism Department, Box 5801, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.



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With a worldwide network of 71 plants in 19 countries, Firestone is famous for quality in six fields of industry which are vital to the welfare and progress of mankind.

tanker operators, led by the wealthy Stavros Niarchos, has signed an agreement to charter between 80 and 120 tankers to the Soviet Union. Niarchos piously denies that any of the ships will be used to carry oil to Cuba—but, of course, the deal frees Russian tankers to do the job. Even so, Castro could be heading for trouble. On one of his recent TV marathons, he confided that Cuba has only a 66-day supply of gasoline and 34-day ration of fuel oil.

Since the nation's power comes almost entirely from fuel-oil-operated plants, Castro can next be expected to try his hand at running the \$100 million U.S.-controlled Cuban Electric Co.

CANADA

Acadian Winner

The Liberal Party of Canada last week scored its second victory in a row in provincial elections—much to the dismay of federal Prime Minister John Diefenbaker and his ruling Progressive Conservatives. Five days after Liberals won the big French-speaking province of Quebec, Liberal Louis Joseph Robichaud led his party to victory over the eight-year-old Conservative regime in New Brunswick. Starting with just twelve seats in the old assembly (the Tories had 33), Robichaud's Liberals got 31 of the seats, 53% of the popular vote.

The decision surprised nearly everyone. In Ottawa Liberal Chief Lester Pearson, who leads the Opposition to Diefenbaker's Tory government, confessed: "I didn't think we would win." Apprehensive shudders ran through the government benches in Ottawa's House of Commons: defeats for federal governments are customarily heralded by provincial defeats.

When he is sworn into office next week, the New Brunswick winner will be, at 34, the youngest premier in Canada. Stocky, earnest Louis Robichaud is the descendant of an *habitant* who settled in the province in 1760. He is the first Acadian to be elected to the job, although New Brunswick (pop. 650,000) is now nearly half French Canadian. A fiery lawyer who spoke no English before he was 20, Robichaud took over the party's leadership in 1958. He traveled widely through the province while the Tory premier ran an over-confident, immobile campaign. Robichaud's major issue was his opposition to a Tory-instigated plan for compulsory hospital insurance (cost: \$50 for a family, \$25 for an individual). In a province where the per capita income is only 64% of the national average of \$1,460, Robichaud argued that the burden was too much, promised to pay for the insurance out of revenues.

Robichaud's province gets its basic wealth from farming, lumbering and fishing—poorly paid, seasonal occupations. Sometimes unemployment reaches 20% of a 200,000 work force; rarely does it drop below 8%. In the past three years Tory Flemming wangled some \$64 million in loans, grants and subsidies from the federal government, but failed to lure job-creating new business.

TIME, JULY 11, 1960



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Tech-man has new
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Whatever your field—whether it's rubber, metals, plastics, synthetics, textiles or chemicals—you'll find a Firestone Tech-man always on call and ready to answer your questions. Naturally, no obligation. Inquiries invited; write Firestone Technic-aid, Dept. 7A, Firestone Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio.

Firestone

MAKING THE BEST TODAY STILL BETTER TOMORROW

PEOPLE

Ticketed to start a three-month stretch in jail this week: Boston Textile Magnate **Bernard Goldfine**, 70, crony of ex-Presidential Aide Sherman Adams. Goldfine was convicted of contempt of a federal court after he refused to produce records bearing on an income tax evasion rap.

The prototype of the penny-pinching near billionaire is U.S. Oilman **Jean Paul Getty**, 67, who last year plunked down a million more or less, for Sutton Place the Surrey domain of Britain's Duke of Sutherland, partly to save money on his hotel bills in London and Paris. Last week as if in final proof of his penny wisdom. Expatriate Getty went pound-foolish with a vengeance. To Sutton Place he invited some 80 gilded guests for dinner on gold plate, then opened the estate to more than a thousand other assorted peers nobles, high officials, new and old rich. The after-dinner throng carried on in grand style till dawn and on. By then the hardy stragglers were surfeited with champagne, whisky and sturgeon eggs—plus beer for the inelegant and unlimited milk for nondrinkers. When the fireworks dancing (to three orchestras) and tipping (at four bars) were all over, many of the elite—ranging from the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland to conspicuously untitled Douglas Fairbanks Jr.—had perhaps even forgotten the purpose of the affair. It was billed as a combined mansion warming and coming-out ball for Jeanette Constable Maxwell, 17, daughter of a long time Getty friend. The party drew excellent notices from the press. "Easily the most fabulous evening since the war," burred London *Daily Express* columnist William Hickey, who also hailed it as "good, old-fashioned, vulgar fun." Another waggish Fleet Streeter made a kill-

joy calculation: the party lasted eight hours and probably cost Getty \$30,000—but in the same period his fortune automatically swelled by an estimated \$67,000.

The late Philanthropist **Vincent Astor** is likely to go down in U.S. tax annals as the multimillionaire with the leastest—for the revenue. Astor, who died last year at 67, left an estate appraised last week by New York State tax commissioners at an impressive \$127,377,021.34. Out of this mountainous greenery came a nadir of sorts in mid-20th century U.S. estate taxes: \$251,869.44—less than 0.2% of the amount that Astor could not take with him. How did Testator Astor do it? It seemed, under New York State and federal inheritance statutes, kind of easy: he left about \$61.5 million to his wife Brooke



TYCOON ASTOR (1937)
Tax trickle.

as a taxless widow's mite, \$60.5 million to the Vincent Astor Foundation and several much smaller charities (also untaxable). Some \$5,000,000 went to pay off debts, all taxes, administration expenses and lawyers. All that was left to tax was some \$775,000, out of which the federal tax-types got a miserly \$198,552 as top bite. The French Republic got an unspeakable \$1.02 as last lick. The New York appraisal also brought to light the makeup of Astor's investment portfolio. His big gest holding was in *Newsweek, Inc.*, of which he owned 177,200 shares, valued at \$4,857,052 by the state appraisers. Since Astor owned about 60% of *Newsweek, Inc.*'s outstanding shares, the value of its stock is presumably around \$8,095,000.

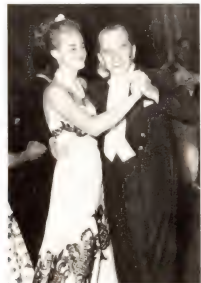
Philadelphia Contractor **John B. Kelly Sr.**, who died last month at 70, left a self-drawn last will and testament just as



TYCOON KELLY & WIFE (1954)
Testament humor.

fabulous and full of fun as most of his life. Happy Jack Kelly, up from hod carrying to become a millionaire and father of a Princess, wanted no squabbling over his estate. All his legatees knew in advance exactly what he meant to leave them. With that matter out of the way, Kelly sat down and penned words of wit and wisdom. To his sons-in-law (including Monaco's Prince Rainier), he left nary a penny: "I don't want to give the impression that I am against sons-in-law. If they are the right type, they will provide for themselves and their families." Along with a third of his estate, Kelly left his wife Margaret a wry admonition. "Give my son 'Kell' all my personal belongings . . . except the ties, shirts, sweaters and socks, as it seems unnecessary to give him something of which he has already taken possession." After other warnings against a family tendency to gamble and speculate in wildcat stocks, Jack Kelly bade a moving farewell to all his loved ones: "Just remember, when I shove off for greener pastures, or whatever it is on the other side of the curtain, that I do it unafraid, and, if you must know, a little curious."

Speaking at a Pacific Coast writer's powwow, Emmy-winning TV Producer **David Susskind**, moderator of his own 10 p.m.-to-sometime chitchat program (*Open End*), beamed out in the New York City area, was asked which of three presidential candidates on his recent shows came on as the strongest interviewee. Liberal Democrat Susskind gave Liberal Republican **Nelson Rockefeller** the poorest marks: "He evaded and dodged every effort to get him to substantiate what he had said in public only a few days earlier." Another disheartening performer was Democrat **Adlai Stevenson**: "I approached him with something like idolatry, which I fear came through on the



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Pound foolishness.



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show. But I was disappointed in him. There was a great vagueness, a sort of drifting about in space." The winner, hardly an idol of Susskind's, was Republican **Richard Nixon**: "I'm not a Nixon fan, but I was enormously impressed. Unlike his colleague in the White House, he knows what he is talking about. He is amazing."

In Meeker, Colo., Minnewa Bell Roosevelt, 48, fourth wife of Local Rancher **Elliott Roosevelt**, 49, sued him for divorce on the ground of mental cruelty.

The most influential man in Siam, namely its king, **Bhumibol Adulyadej**, 37, and his svelte, archfeminist queen, **Sirikit**, 27, dropped into Washington for a friendly visit. They were well received—what with some of the rebuffs that the personalized spearheads of U.S. foreign policy have suffered in the Far East lately. In fact, the capital was delighted with the wide-eyed couple and their unabashed liking for the U.S. At National Airport, Bhumibol, born in the environs of Harvard University, where his father studied medicine, paid tribute to his "two motherlands." That evening at the White House, the King swapped recipes with Dwight Eisenhower for Thailand noodle soup and Ike's ice cream. While the cookery talk went on, the U.S. Marine Band orchestra accommodated its listeners with a Thai march, composed by His Majesty, who is a jazz buff. Not on the program: songs from the Thai-strung *The King and I*, disliked by Bhumibol because he regards the musical as a slur upon his lusty ancestor. Addressing a joint session of Congress next day, the King set a new high in expressing appreciation for U.S. foreign-aid funds. Said he candidly: "We are grateful for American aid. But we intend one day to do without it."

In the 23 years that have rolled away since aviatrix **Amelia Earhart** disappeared in the Pacific on a globe-girdling flight, many wild guesses have been made about where and how she vanished. Last week a CBS news team produced one of the most likely explanations yet of Amelia's fate. Clued in by two Japanese who were living on the Japanese-held island of Saipan in 1937, the newsmen went there, found many natives who recalled that a plane had ditched just offshore in that year. The wreckage of the plane was located, and parts of it are now being checked to determine if it was indeed Amelia's aircraft. If so, intrepid Airlady Earhart was some frightful 1,500 miles off course—a real possibility because of her known knack of getting lost, especially likely in the vast loneliness of the western Pacific with the relatively primitive navigational aids of the day to guide her. After the ditching, what happened to Amelia and Navigator **Fred Noonan**? CBS's best guess is that they were executed by the Japanese, who wanted no travelers to tell tales of how they were heavily fortifying Saipan, contrary to existing treaties, four years before Pearl Harbor.

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Birth Date of Man

Geologists divide the earth's history into a sequence of periods: Permian, Jurassic, etc. But seldom do they agree on the age of each period, and a particularly annoying question mark is the Pleistocene, an epoch of intermittent ice ages during which man became true man. The geological dating system that uses the decay of uranium and other radioactive elements to tell the age of very ancient rocks is much too vague for the comparatively short Pleistocene. Dating by carbon 14, which is fine for recent times, reaches back only 60,000 years—not nearly enough.

A new system promises to pinpoint the Pleistocene. Developed at the University of Miami by Dr. John Rosholt of the U.S. Geological Survey and Italian-born Dr. Cesare Emiliani, it depends on the fact that a tiny amount of uranium is dissolved in all sea water. When it slowly decays radioactively, it yields protoactinium 231 and thorium 230, both of which attach themselves to sediment particles and sink slowly to the bottom. There they in turn decay, but protoactinium 231 decays faster than thorium 230. The age of sediment on the ocean floor can therefore be determined by measuring the relative abundance of the two isotopes.

By dating the ocean-bottom sediments, Rosholt and Emiliani estimate that the last warm interglacial Pleistocene period extended from 100,000 B.C. to 67,000 B.C., with its temperature peak coming about 93,000 B.C. Since the oldest skull fragments of *Homo sapiens* (true man) are believed to date from the warmest part of the last interglacial period, this date, 93,000 B.C., can be considered the provisional birth date of the human race.

Man at the Window

When a German baby, soon to be named Walter Baade, was born in 1893, the universe seemed relatively small and cozy, although full of unknowns. No one knew the size of the stars, what they were made of, or where they got their energy. No one dreamed that the stars are only the doorstep of the universe. When Baade got his doctorate at the University of Göttingen in 1919, most of the mysteries still remained; but in the U.S. new telescopes, bigger and more accurate than anything in Europe, were beginning to probe the sky with new farsightedness. After earning a reputation at Hamburg Observatory, Baade (pronounced *bah-de*) got the call that all young astronomers there hoped for. In 1931 he went to work at Mount Wilson, Calif., with the 100-in. telescope, at that time the biggest of them all.

Mount Wilson was the world's best window on the universe, and Baade quickly won recognition as a superb observer. His first search was for supernovae, those incredible stars that burst like giant nuclear bombs and shine for a few weeks with the glare of 100 million suns. They

happen in an average galaxy only once in about 300 years. But by patrolling distant galaxies with the 100-incher, Baade photographed many of them—and developed an explanation of their explosive physics.

Star Populations. Another of Baade's absorbing interests was the evolution of stars. After long and subtle observing, Baade found that there are two sorts of star "populations." Population I contains brilliant giant stars that are found chiefly in the outer spiral arms of a galaxy. Population II, of which the sun is a member, contains the less spectacular stars that make up most of any given galaxy's central disk. Baade concluded that the stars



J. R. EVERMAN—LIFE
ASTRONOMER BAADÉ

He doubled the size of the universe.

of Population I were recently formed out of cosmic dust and gas, and that they are rapidly burning themselves out. The stars of Population II are much older, dating back to the formation of the galaxy. Most of them will shine almost unchanged for billions of years.

In 1948 the 200-in. telescope on Palomar Mountain was finished, and Baade had an even better window to look through. He fought for time on this marvelous instrument, and when he got it, he spent all night in the instrument cage. Every trip to Palomar cost him three or four pounds because of excitement and skipped meals.

Colliding Galaxies. As Baade grew old, his hair grew white, but his blue eyes were always bright and alert, and his good spirits and accomplishments in astronomy did not diminish. He re-examined the special stars that astronomers had used for a generation to measure great distances—and found that they had been misinterpreted. Thus the observed universe, through Baade's work, doubled in size. In 1952, in collaboration with Rudolph Minkowski (TIME, June 27), he

found the first pair of galaxies in collision. This proved that galaxies do in fact collide. Baade therefore examined close clusters of galaxies for evidence that some of them may have collided in the past. Sure enough, such cluster galaxies contained few of the young stars of Population I, meaning that they had indeed collided. During the encounter, their stars interpenetrated without individual collisions, but the dust and gas between them was combed out. Conclusion: galaxies that have collided contain no material to gather into youthful, fast-burning, quick-dying stars of Population I.

At 65, Baade retired. Last week he died in Göttingen, the ancient university town where he started his scholarly career. In his 67 years, the man at the window had seen the universe increase and become more interesting by 1,000,000 times.

The Unknowable Universe

Cosmologists are becoming increasingly confident of their ability to fathom the secrets of the universe. Indeed there are scientists who believe that the cosmologists are too cocky. Last week in *Nature*, the University of London's William Hunter McCrea examined cosmology with a mathematician's skeptical eye. His conclusion: a built-in mystery to the universe will forever keep cosmologists from knowing what it is really like.

The root of the problem, says McCrea, is that light does not travel at infinite speed, and other influences such as gravitation are presumably just as slow. So when distant parts of the universe interact by attracting or irradiating each other, they do so only after a long delay.

In a classic paragraph, McCrea asks his readers to consider a remote part, P, of the universe. "We see no other part of the universe," he says, "in the state in which it influences P. For example, if P is one billion light-years away, and Q is a part of the universe one billion light-years away in the opposite direction, then, if the universe is static, whatever influence Q has on P when we observe P depends on the state of Q at a time two billion years before Q was in the state in which we observe Q. But the universe is not static, and so we know nothing from observation about the state of Q when Q influenced the state of P in which we observe P."

If the universe were of finite size, says McCrea, man might learn about it by continuing his observations for a long but finite time. But since the universe is almost certainly unbounded, even a very long period of observation, say ten billion years, would be insufficient. He thinks that cosmologists should include a factor of unavoidable uncertainty in their theories. "Thus we should be asserting almost nothing about what the universe is like at great distances in space or time. This provides a view of cosmology that essentially leaves room for endless observational surprises. It seems more satisfactory than the recent trend towards a belief that the nature of the 'whole' universe has already been discovered."

THE PRESS

Unmistakable Terms

The renewed cold-war freeze and the heat of a U.S. presidential-election campaign have brought newspaper pundits back to life. Last week three of the most articulate stated their views in unmistakable terms (see below). The New York Times's economic specialist, Edwin L. Dale Jr., 36, now in the paper's Paris bureau after five years in Washington, chided his fellow intellectuals for their consistently conformist view of free world, and especially American, "failure." James Reston, the Times's Washington bureau



TIMESMAN DALE
Isn't it pretty good?

chief, could contain his pent-up disdain for President Eisenhower no longer and dashed off a classic column of political satire. And Syndicated Columnist Joseph Alsop donned sackcloth in public and did penance for the venial sin of optimism.

The Voice of Hope

"My aim here," wrote the Times's Dale, in the current issue of the scholarly *Fate Review*, "is, unabashedly, to argue that God is after all in His heaven—as much as He ever is—and that all's right with the world." Dale recognized that there are indeed real and serious world problems. But he suggested that "things are not nearly as bad as they are commonly painted in the deeper and continuing struggle, which is invariably, if somewhat uncritically, described as the most serious in which this nation has ever been engaged."

In his article, titled *The Case for Optimism*, Dale listed several international developments which give cause for believing that the U.S. is winning, not losing, the cold war

□ "The government of India—partly be-

cause of the events in Tibet, partly because of border troubles with the Chinese, and partly because of enlightened American and Western policy—has undergone a perceptible shift in its neutralism, a shift toward the West."

□ "The one Communist state in India, Kerala, has ceased to be Communist."

□ "Iraq, whose classic and convulsive revolution, to say nothing of her geography, offered a made-in-heaven target for the new Soviet tactics, has moved progressively away from Communist influence."

□ "Egypt, the supposedly classic case of the possibilities of the Soviet economic offensive, has outlawed her Communists, has found President Nasser making sharply anti-Communist speeches."

□ "Indonesia, a land with chaos in its very bones and with a large Communist Party, has dealt a severe setback to the domestic Communists."

□ "Burma and Malaya have wiped out practically all the Communist revolutionaries that had disrupted orderly society."

□ "The French and Italian Communist Parties are at new postwar lows."

□ "With the sole exception of Guinea, not a single new African state has shown the slightest sign of wishing to be counted part of the Communist bloc."

□ "Despite the unwillingness of those who are not blind to see the effort of the industrial non-Communist world to supply capital to the underdeveloped countries has expanded astonishingly. Britain has doubled her aid in less than three years. Germany has more than doubled hers. The United States has been giving more purely development aid, as distinct from balance-of-payment-haltout aid, than at any time before, including the era of the Marshall Plan. The flow of public capital to the poorer part of the world is immensely greater than at any other time in history."

Said Dale of his list: "I shall not add at this point, as the alarmist school customarily does, that this is 'only a partial list,' because it is all I can think of. I have a hunch that their 'partial' lists are all they can think of too, but let that go."

Two factors, said Dale, are relevant to the cold war almost everywhere it is waged—and the U.S. has the advantage in both areas. "One," Dale wrote, "is that up to now there has not been any military disparity [between Russia and the U.S.]. Of course, the pessimistic school concedes this and talks only of the future with its 'missile gap,' etc. I shall yield them this much: If the day in fact came when the Russians had a clear-cut, visible, undoubted military superiority, including the capacity to wipe out our deterrent with a surprise attack, there would be reason to worry. It seems to me that with every development—the *Polaris* submarine being the best current example—the chances of such a decisive superiority become less. In any case, it is quite clear that the attitude in the world at large up

to now has been one of awe at the power possessed by both sides. There has not been any serious sign of a 'bandwagon' sentiment among neutrals or others to fall in with an obviously and inevitably superior Communist side."

Dale's second point was that the power of the Soviet economic offensive and Soviet internal economic growth, as compared to U.S. efforts, has been "grossly, absurdly overrated." His major argument: "Our form of economy, at its present stage of development, seems to have a natural tendency to grow at a rate of between 3.5% and 4% a year. This is quite sufficient to produce a rising standard of living and whatever resources for the government we feel are necessary. The Soviets may or may not continue to grow at a somewhat faster rate. But the prospects of their 'catching up' to us in total output of goods and services by 1970—or 1980 or 1990—are dim indeed. If the United States averages 4% during the present decade—and the Soviets maintain their recent pace of perhaps 6% or 7%, we shall be further ahead in total output at the end of the decade than at the beginning." In any case, Dale added, "we are growing at a satisfactory rate for our purposes"—which makes the Soviet growth rate "quite irrelevant."

Concluded Optimist Dale: "Let us face it. Europe is vigorous and thriving, and fully with us. The Soviets have hardly made an inch in ten years in the uncommitted world, and we have made several. Perhaps we could make a few more if we would only relax, stop mourning, and keep on doing what we have been doing."

Wholesale Indictment

What really upsets Columnist Reston is that Eisenhower has stayed popular through thick and thin—and that the people, in his opinion, have stayed so popular. Even the recent diplomatic disas-



TIMESMAN RESTON
Isn't it awful?

ters have done nothing to impair the Eisenhower image or ignite the country to the perils of complacency. Last week, following Ike's mild radio-TV report to the nation, Reston could stand no more. In perhaps the sharpest words he has ever written about Dwight Eisenhower, Reston delivered a wholesale indictment of the President's speech.

"President Eisenhower has devised a simple procedure for dealing with his critics and his defeats: he simply ignores the critics and claims victories. The effect of this is serious in a democracy, for it confuses the public, infuriates the political opposition, and leaves mistakes unexplained and uncorrected. As a political device in an election year, of course, this carries great weight. The President is immensely popular. The public does not like to be told that its Government has made mistakes, and when the President in effect denies that mistakes were made, he no doubt helps restore the political balance. He does nothing, however, to restore confidence within his own Government or within the alliance, or to institute any review of the policies that may have gone wrong."

Next day Critic Reston followed up with a scalding satire on the President's report, in the form of a mock letter to Ingemar Johansson, recently deposed heavyweight boxing champion.

"You asked me what you should say in your forthcoming TV report to the Swedish people about the recent regrettable incident with Mr. Floyd Patterson at the Polo Grounds in New York.

"I have three suggestions. The best thing is to say nothing. The next best thing is to deny that you ever went to America. But if you have to make a report, I suggest that you follow the victory-through-defeat system used by President Eisenhower in his report on Japan, speaking—if you are now able to speak—as follows:

"—My friends:

"First, Swedish relations with the United States have been strengthened.

"Second, the happiness created among the colored people of America as a result of my appearance there this time was not only heartwarming but surpassed by far their reaction to my last visit.

"Finally, as the Marquis of Queensberry once said, it matters not in this life whether you win or lose, but how you play the game, especially when economic rewards are so agreeable.

"I have never believed that victory and money were the only things in life, although, as the Americans say in their picturesque way, these things are not to be sneezed at. What matters is the international good will that results from bilateral reciprocal aggression before multitudes of well-heeled savages in the overdeveloped and under-educated areas of the globe.

"Now as to the incident at the Polo Grounds, I have been assured that the people there were, in overwhelming majority, anxious to welcome me as a representative of a nation with which they

wished to cooperate and have friendly relations.

"It is true that the outrageous conduct of a violent and disorderly minority prevented me from achieving all of my objectives, and that Mr. Patterson displayed toward me, especially in the fifth round, a certain animus and even hostility, which temporarily interrupted my mission.

"Nevertheless, I think you would agree with me that a great many peace-loving Americans were actually overjoyed at my survival."



COLUMNIST ALSOP
Wasn't it terrible?

Apology

Joe Alsop, the Jeremiah of the syndicated columnists, is so addicted to the gloomy view that even when things are looking up, Alsop is looking down. "It is still too early to say," he once wrote "that the worst result is already inevitable." Yet in the first days of the U-2 flap, Joe Alsop astonished his readers with a memorable statement: "There is also wonderful news in the bad news of the American plane that was shot down in the Soviet Union."

By last week, though, Alsop had reverted to his ordinary gloomy self and even while retracting his lapse into optimism was blaming it on the Eisenhower Administration. Wrote he: "When the U-2 story first broke, it was natural to read very good news into the bad news. The U-2's most significant effect in this country was to give a false picture of the continuing power of the American deterrent. As usual, the Administration failed to set the record straight.

"The stark fact remains that there was no substance in the hopes which were temporarily raised by this reporter and other optimistic interpreters. Instead, there is the same old hard reality of the period of the missile gap, with all its potential dangers."



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SHOW BUSINESS

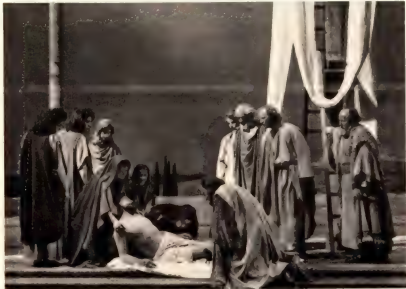
SPECTACLES

Piety with Profit

Decades ago Cecil B. DeMille went to Oberammergau, saw the Passion Play, and left with a vision of all the great celluloid saint-and-sinner-ramas that he hoped to produce. Last week, to attend the century's seventh production of the 300-year-old Bavarian pageant, pilgrims crowded into Bavaria in Peugeots, Rolls-Royces, light aircraft, bikes and buses. As the play went on and on and on, lids closed over once reverent eyes: what everyone

the leading members of the cast were Nazis except Judas), the Sanhedrin was packed with overdrawn heavies, atrociously attacking the blond Christ and his blue-eyed disciples. Somehow this spirit, if toned down, remained in 1950.

After Intermission. But anti-Semitism was only the beginning of the Passion Play's troubles. As drama "it is a mixture of Lourdes and summer stock," said a perspicacious lady from Philadelphia last week, and at least ten years of rewriting seem required. Oberammergau has just enough time for that, is meanwhile titling



SCENE FROM PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU
Available: life-sized wooden saints for \$1,000.

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had come to see—from seats of softest oak—was nothing less than DeMille squared, a seven-hour pseudo-Biblical presentation with a cast of 1,600 painful amateurs. As a *Variety* headline cried out: OBERAMMERGAU, MEIN ACHING BACK.

The Heavies. Performed on a 160-ft. stage under an enormous shed, the Passion Play strikes many in its audience as deeply moving, but to even more it seems a cumbersome who-done-it that turns eventually into a hope opera. Will the Sanhedrin succeed in its plot against the Nazarene? The outcome actually seems uncertain most of the time. Despite occasional effective scenes—such as Christ's Palm Sunday entry into Jerusalem—the scenario is often less lively than the begat-begat-begat chapters of *Genesis*. "Living tableaux" of scenes from the Old Testament contribute little but an impression of so many Bavarian countryfolk assembling for a photograph in Biblical costume.

Respectful but firm, West Germany's *Süddeutsche Zeitung* has called for a "thorough revision" in place of the minor script-surgery performed over the last decade, mainly to excise some anti-Semitic passages. In the Hitler era (when almost all

a catch of visitors whose total will have reached half a million when the show closes on the last day of September.

Expecting to take in some \$5,000,000, Oberammergau's humble townsfolk are selling everything from machine-carved angels to toilet privileges. Life-sized wooden saints go for \$1,000. Beggars, who used to count on the Crucifixion scene to cause spectators to empty their pockets in compassion, have long since been driven away by green-coated police, as if to ensure that every pennig spent in Oberammergau stays in town. Charges have been established with great ingenuity for nearly every action a visitor makes while he is there, with one exception: no way has been devised to shake down the inevitable intruders who fill the seats that remain empty after the two-hour intermission.

TIN PAN ALLEY

Like from Halls of Ivy

The Kingston Trio's *Sold Out* was anything but. With fond backward glances at *Billboard's* bestseller chart, where *Sold Out* last week led all the rest, Capitol Records was keeping all music shops well

supplied with the hottest album cut so far by the hottest group in U.S. popular music.

Rockless, roll-less and rich, the Kingston Trio by themselves now bring in 12% of Capitol's annual sales, have surpassed Capitol's onetime Top Pop Banana Frank Sinatra. Scarcely out of college, Kingston's Nick Reynolds, Dave Guard and Bob Shane are making some \$10,000 a week, can pick up a six-day fee of \$25,000 any time they can conquer their distaste for Las Vegas—"we prefer a less Sodom-and-Gomorrah-type scene."

The Golden Noose. Hoisted to these heights by the noose that hung *Tom Dooly*—the ballad was sleeping in an album they cut early in 1958—the Kingston Trio have added to the burgeoning U.S. folk music boom (see *MUSIC*) a slick combination of near-perfect close harmony and light blue humor. To help their predominantly collegiate and post-collegiate audiences identify with them, the three do their best to festoon themselves in Ivy, wear button-down shirts, even chose the name Kingston because it had a ring of Princeton about it as well as a suggestion of calypso. Sporting close-cropped hair and a deceptive Social Studies 1-A look, they strum guitars and banjos, foam like dentifrice, tumble onto nightclub stages as if the M.C. had caught them in the middle of their own private party.

"We had the good luck of picking up this in Mexico," said 25-year-old Californian Reynolds last week, introducing a song called *Coplas* to one of the few well-scrubbed audiences that has ever visited Los Angeles' Coconut Grove.

"That's not all we picked up," admitted Hawaiian-born Bob Shane, 26.

Moments later, Dave Guard, 25, and also from Hawaii, turned to the audience and—apropos of nothing—announced in a singsong Oriental accent: "You see, I was educated in your country—Washington and Rhee."

Wild Hairs. Guard ("our acknowledged leader") actually was educated at Stanford ('56). Reynolds ("the runt of the litter") and Shane ("our sex symbol") at nearby Menlo College of Business Administration ('57 and '56). Until they came together as a trio in 1957 at San Francisco's Purple Onion, they were, says Guard, "a bunch of wild hairs pointing in all directions." At Stanford, Guard—belying his present Groton look—had earned a reputation as a sort of stubble-bearded prebeatnik who was heading nowhere except way out. Reynolds, after graduation from Menlo College, had dedicated his energies to tennis. Shane, who only half-jokingly describes himself as "an alcoholic at 15," had been spending his days counting sand at Waikiki Beach and his nights developing the bourbon elements in what is now called his "whisky voice."

The Purple Onion squared the trio away; they acquired purpose and, along the way, a manager: a shrewd San Francisco beard named Frank Werber, who insisted on voice lessons, is still with them. The acquisition of wives all around stabilized them still further. "They're all



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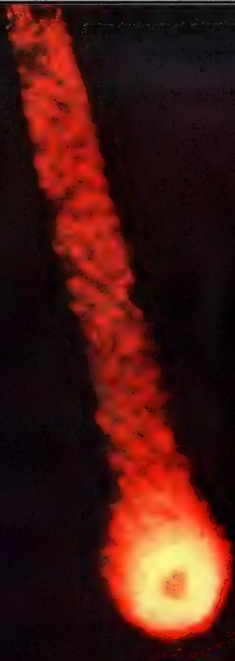


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THE KINGSTON TRIO* Bill Bridges
Rockless, roll-less and rich.

gentlemen," said one of the Kingston's close friends last week, adding candid estimates of each: "Bob is the only one who could make it alone. He's also lazy, the least articulate and most collegiate—like he's still in school. Nick is considerate, sweet. Dave probably has a genius IQ, but is also the most difficult. Big man on campus. He'd rather quit than be an also-ran."

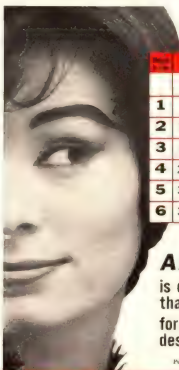
For three people working at chafingly close quarters—278 days on the road last year—the Kingstons get along remarkably well, remain far more congenial than such longtime fellow voyagers as the members of the Budapest String Quartet, who make a point of confining their relationship strictly to business hours. Even though they boast a road manager to handle their 18 pieces of luggage, the trio still divide up household chores as they did in the days when they used to sleep three in a bed in fleabag hotels. "When we fight nowadays," said one of the Kingstons last week, "it's mostly about business—what to invest in."

RADIO

Milestones

Died. *Helen Trent*, 28, queen of the soap operas, oldest sudser on the air (by three weeks over *Ma Perkins*), veteran of no husbands but of romances with every sort of fellow from handsome billionaires and hypnotists to psychotics and smooth-talking thugs, cause of a movie tycoon's suicide, a rancher's self-exile to a banana republic, once heard by 4,000,000 listeners on 703 CBS affiliate stations; of hardening of the kilocycles (despite respectable ratings); in Manhattan.

* Left to right: Nick Reynolds, Dave Guard, Bob Shane.



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June 28, 1960

MEDICINE

Passionately Anonymous

The 15,000 men and women who thronged California's Long Beach Memorial Stadium last week differed from most conventioners in one major respect: there was no danger that any of them would get together in a hotel room to kill a bottle. For this was Alcoholics Anonymous, mustering its recovered, sworn-off drinkers, their relatives and well-wishers to celebrate its 25th anniversary.

Uncrowned but undisputed head of A.A. is Bill W., a tall Vermonter in his early 60s who drank himself out of a lucrative career as a high-risk stock operator. "In 1934," he recalls, "my doctor told me wife that if I didn't stop I'd have to be locked up because I'd either go mad or die." Bill W. didn't stop until he drank himself into a hospital, and realized that he must quit or die. He had to find another drunk in the same predicament, so that by helping each other, they would ensure their own survival. In Akron in June of 1935, he found his friend, Dr. Bob (who died of cancer in 1950). Together they founded A.A. and laid out the basis for its famous twelve tenets.

Neither Chase nor Chastise. Last week, in his unofficial presidential address, Co-Founder Bill W. noted that the organization today counts 300,000 members in more than 8,000 groups in about 80 countries. Yet A.A. did not congratulate itself for any wholesale success. In the U.S. alone there are still at least 5,000,000 active alcoholics, and perhaps 25 million worldwide. It is an awesome number that A.A. would be glad to help, said Bill W. "We are not going to chase them, chastise them or campaign for them. All we can hope is that they will come to us for help when help is what they want."

A.A.'s wait-and-accept philosophy is the key to its success to date. About 50% of those who enroll themselves stop drinking, as against 5% reported by physicians with any pre-A.A. treatment. Of the drop-outs, about half return to the fold. This is not to say that 50% to 75% of all alcoholics will respond to A.A.; many of the toughest cases simply never enroll.

The Thought of Power. The passion for public anonymity is readily understandable at the individual level. Every alcoholic needs pals on whom he can lean for help, and whom he can help to bolster his own ego. At the organizational level, the anonymity is more complex. Bill W., a forceful speaker with a cutting wit, explains: "Identification leads to power drives. The thought of power is one reason we were drunks in the first place. A.A. takes no denominational, political or economic stands. It stays out of controversy. We do not claim that anonymity is a virtue. Rather, it is a protection." In proof of his own passion for anonymity, Bill W. has refused an honorary doctorate from Yale. "A degree for what?" he asks. "For being the world's leading drunk?"



CHIGNON AT BIRTH
Baby is soon back to normal.

Babies by Vacuum

After English obstetricians developed the forceps for extracting babies in difficult births, a century elapsed before it was generally adopted. Now, a new and supposedly less hazardous method has been devised to ease some slow and possibly dangerous births, but medical controversy in the English-speaking world may delay its widespread use. It consists of pulling the baby out by means of a vacuum-suction cup attached to the top of its skull.

The idea dates back to an English surgeon, James Yonge, who advanced it in 1706. Little was done to put it into practice until after World War II, when several European researchers developed vacuum extractors, all based essentially on the ancient suction cup or *ventouse* (used for every imaginable ailment). Many obstetricians around the world now use the device freely. Yet it has won preliminary

public approval from only one research team in Britain and one in the U.S.

Reverse Pump. The most widely accepted model, developed by Sweden's Dr. Tage Malmström, consists of a metal cup with a rubber hose (part of which serves as a handle) leading to an ordinary bicycle pump with a reverse valve so that it pumps air out instead of in. Drs. James A. Chalmers and Roger J. Fothergill, in the *British Medical Journal*, report use of the gadget in 100 cases at Worcester. The metal cup is inserted in the opening of the birth canal and applied to the baby's skull. Pressure is reduced to half an atmosphere or less, so the scalp develops a big bump or "chignon," which fills the cup. Danger of maternal infection is reduced, the doctors assert, because no foreign body passes beyond the baby's head. Risk of injury to the mother—and apparently to the baby—is virtually eliminated. The chignon subsides within a couple of hours after birth. A major advantage, say the Britons, though American doctors disagree, is that the *ventouse* can be used to speed a slow labor in its early stages by synchronizing a pull on the handle with the mother's own contractions.

Avoid a Caesarean? In the U.S., only at New York City's Kings County Hospital has the vacuum extractor received extensive trial. Dr. Vincent Tricomi and colleagues have used it in 125 births since last September. Keenly aware of the suspicious attitude of the profession generally, they have been even more conservative than the British in selection of cases. But they have seen no ill effects, and believe the vacuum cup may save many mothers from difficult and dangerous forceps deliveries, or the alternative of a caesarean.⁹ On results to date, the Brooklyn doctors are "cautiously enthusiastic" and are confident that the suction cup is worth a wider trial.

Pressed Back to Life

The nearest kitchen or Scout knife has saved many a life when used in emergencies to open the chest for massage of a stopped heart. But the method is risky. This week Johns Hopkins University researchers reported success in 50 cases with a faster and safer technique, suitable for use by laymen after a little training. The principle: closed-chest massage.

Dr. William B. Kouwenhoven, 74, an electrical engineer (professor emeritus at Hopkins) who also lectures on surgery at the university, worked out the method with the help of three colleagues. The team experimented first with animals, then adapted the idea to human anatomy. It consists of putting one hand palm down on the unconscious subject's lower breastbone, placing the heel of the other hand on top, then pressing down sharply and releasing smartly, 60 to 80 times a minute. Even in old people, ribs are so flexible that danger of breaking them is negligible. One limitation: the method will not



RESEARCHER MALMSTRÖM
Mother is safer from the start.

* It has been tried and conceded ineffective in breech births.



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Rev. Lambert Brose,
White House Correspondent, on

The LUTHERAN HOUR, Sunday, July 10
See local paper for time and station



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work on a patient who is partly conscious, because he will resist the imposed rhythm.

If there is only one rescuer available, says the Kouwenhoven team, massage is more urgent than mouth-to-mouth breathing for resuscitation. If there are two rescuers they should combine the methods. All ambulance drivers in Baltimore's fire department have learned closed-chest massage, and it has become standard practice in the emergency room of Johns Hopkins Hospital.

The Quality of Mercy

When his two elder boys were asleep and his wife had gone to the cinema, George Ernest Johnson, 40, a major in the Royal Corps of Signals, carried his three-month-old son's cot into the kitchen of their home in Epsom, 14 miles west of London. Dipping his finger in tap water, Johnson made the sign of the cross on the baby's forehead and baptized him David Ernest James. Then Johnson took a flexible gas pipe, put it on the baby's pillow and turned on the gas. When he returned to the kitchen a few minutes later, the baby was dead. Johnson phoned his family physician, Dr. William Berridge: "I have murdered David."

Johnson, a one-legged veteran of World War II now on desk duty, loved David as much as he did his older sons. But David, with oblique eyes and clubbed fingers, was a mongoloid—born an idiot (thanks to some quirk of nature not yet understood). When Johnson pressed him, Dr. Berridge said David had little chance of learning anything more difficult than feeding himself and using the toilet, no chance of ever earning a living. Johnson wondered aloud, in his agony, what would happen to David when he and his wife were gone. What would this incubus do to the other boys? Dr. Berridge echoed the words of other physicians: "There is no cure." The words rang in Johnson's mind until he took mercy into his own hands.

Last week an assize court jury in Kingston took only ten minutes to find Johnson not guilty of murder, but guilty of manslaughter. (The reduced charge is permissible under English law if the accused, at the time of the killing, was suffering from impaired mental responsibility.) The bench, like Johnson, took mercy into its own hands. Said bewigged Justice Slade: "No thinking person could feel other than the greatest sympathy for you. I accept that your terrible deed was done . . . solely to put your child out of its misery. But you knew you were breaking the law. I cannot pass over what you did, lest other people think they can do likewise."

The minimum sentence under the law said Slade, is twelve months' imprisonment. That was what he imposed.

Rockefellers & Osteopathy

A young woman who was both an enthusiastic tennis player and the outstanding U.S. interpreter of Chopin went to see Perrin Thacher Wilson, a Boston doctor of osteopathy. She had some bursitis in her shoulder. Possibly caused and aggra-



MARTHA & JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER JR.
\$1,000,000 worth of adjustment.

vated by tennis, it interfered with her piano playing. Dr. Wilson gave her treatment that he calls "scientific adjustment," won her devotion as a steady patient.

Last week, after 17 years, Dr. Wilson's scientific adjustment paid off to the tune of \$1,000,000 in Rockefeller money to promote the teaching and public understanding of osteopathy. The pianist-patient was California-born Martha Baird then in her 30s. And Martha Baird, after the death of her second husband in 1950, became in 1951 the second wife of John Davison Rockefeller Jr. In nine years of marriage before his death this May, John D. Jr. also, at his wife's suggestion, enjoyed Dr. Wilson's ministrations.

Now, to honor Dr. Wilson, 71 and still practicing, the grateful Widow Rockefeller is giving \$500,000 to the Kirksville (Mo.) College of Osteopathy and Surgery,* to be spent over ten years, to support a professorship and two fellowships in osteopathic theory and practice. In a separate but by no means coincidental move, the Rockefeller Brothers Fund (representing Martha Rockefeller's stepchildren) gave \$500,000 to be spread over three years and used mainly for strengthening the faculties of all six U.S. osteopathic schools. The purpose, as defined by Laurance Rockefeller: "To increase still further the substantial contribution the profession now makes to public health."

Spokesmen for both osteopathy and orthodox medicine hoped that by raising osteopathic teaching standards the grants might eventually promote the much-discussed, long-stalled *rapprochement* between the two healing arts.

*The world's first school of osteopathy, started in 1892 by the system's founder, Dr. (of Medicine) Andrew Taylor Still.



Henry Clay toasts Jenny Lind

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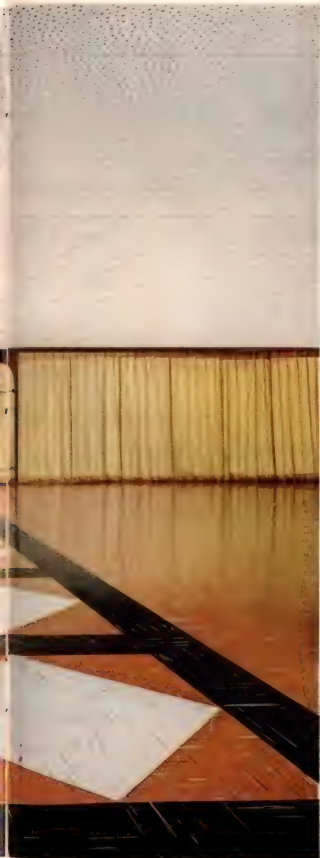
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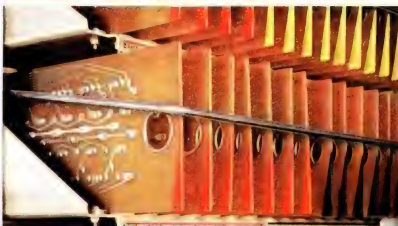
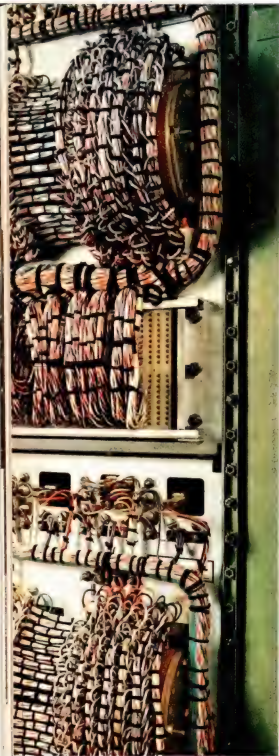
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MARTIN

RELIGION

The Rota

Film Producer Carlo Ponti and Actor Vittorio Gassman are waiting this week—and probably will be for many more—to hear whom they are married to, if anyone. So is a British petty officer named William, whose German wife Olga claimed she had taken a vow of chastity and refused to have sexual intercourse with him, but nevertheless presented him with a child. So is Nick, a Manhattan Sicilian, who claims the Mafia frightened him into marrying 14-year-old Tonina. Their marital fates—and those of many other Roman Catholics throughout the world—are being decided by Rome's Sacred Rota, one of Christendom's oldest and least understood courts.

Declarations of Nullity. The Sacred Roman Rota is 700 years old and probably takes its name from the circular hall in which its priestly judges, who are called auditors, used to convene. It is, with rare exceptions, the court of last appeal as to whether or not a marriage is valid in the eyes of the Roman Catholic Church. Its wheels grind slowly: the average case drags on for four to five years, and some may last for 20. When one woman complained to a churchman that her beauty might suffer, he replied: "Madame, the church has observed that in 20 years one or all of the parties may be dead, and the matter resolves itself."

The Rota does not, properly speaking, annul marriages—it declares them never to have existed. Most such "declarations of nullity," can be disposed of by the tribunals at diocesan level; in Italy no case is considered by the Rota unless it has gone through two such lower courts, and cases outside Italy must have been judged by at least one. Even so, the Rota's load has grown with the times. In 1937 it handled 70 cases. Last year there were 198, in 88 of which declarations of nullity were granted.

Those who can pay generally find the process expensive—win or lose: lawyers' fees and court costs range up to \$5,000. But the poor—contrary to widespread belief—may have both items paid for by a fund set up for the purpose. Each case is pondered by at least three of the eighteen auditors (called "black cardinals" for their black, ermine-lined formal vestments), whose dean is white-haired, Pennsylvania-born Msgr. Francis J. Brennan, 65, a veteran of 20 years' service on the Rota.

Impediments & Insufficiencies. The grounds for nullification fall into three categories: 1) impediment, 2) insufficiency of consent, 3) faulty canonical form. Impediments include underage (brides must be 14, grooms 16), impotence (but not sterility), disparity of worship (a Catholic cannot, without dispensation, validly marry a person who has not been baptized), abduction (a valid ground only for brides), crime (such as murdering one's mate to marry another), consan-



AUDITOR BRENNAN
The wheels grind slow and small.

guinity, though in certain cases dispensation can be granted, "public honesty" (a man living with a concubine cannot marry into her family, and vice versa).

Some impediments that were once fairly common—such as a bride's glass eye or artificial leg—are virtually nonexistent in today's world of brief bathing suits and great social intimacy. Grounds for annulment must have existed prior to marriage: impotence that develops afterward is no ground.

The category called insufficiency of consent includes the use of force and fear (most commonly invoked), belief in divorce,* refusal to have children, refusal

* The ground on which Producer Ponti is asking annulment of his marriage to Giuliana Flastri—presumably in order to sanctify his 1957 Mexican marriage to Actress Sophia Loren, and on which Actor Gassman is seeking annulment of his marriage to Nora Ricci—presumably to marry Actress Anna Maria Ferreiro.



"FULL BACKWARDS BEND"



"REINTEGRATION"

A Westerner may feel ridiculous—at first.

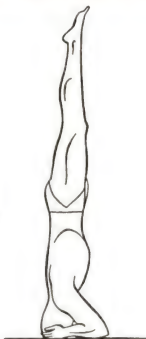
to have sexual intercourse, marrying under false pretenses, refusal to honor an agreement entered into before marriage (such as to bring up one's children in the Catholic faith).

The Tired Ones. At the slightest hint of fraud or collusion, the Rota throws a case out of court. But one official admitted recently that this is often almost impossible to prove. "A lot of declarations for nullity should not be granted," he said. "This is not our fault but the fault of the parties seeking them. They come here, man and wife, often in cahoots with each other to obtain a nullifying sentence because they are tired of marriage or have lovers. They lie brazenly before God, and we are powerless to do anything except try as hard as possible to get at the truth."

The Christian as Yogi

Sit on the floor, or preferably on a large, but firm cushion, and stretch out your legs in front of you. Fold in the left leg and put the left foot so that the heel is pushed well into the fold of the groin . . . Then fold in the right leg, grasp the foot and place its sole uppermost on the folded left leg . . . Sit up straight and then without pausing lean the trunk forwards as far as possible, stretching the arms vigorously behind you, right hand grasping left wrist . . . Breathe deeply in this position for a few seconds, then sit up.

This yoga position, called "Reintegration," is recommended by a new sort of yogi. Not only a Westerner but a Benedictine monk, Father J.-M. Déchanet found in yoga a valuable approach to Christian prayer and practice. Last week



"THE 190°"



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BLUE CROSS



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his book, *Christian Yoga* (Harper; \$3.75), was on U.S. bookstands, complete with *nihil obstat* and imprimatur. Father Déchanet, 54, now prior of the Monastery of Saint-Benoît at Kansenia in the new Congo republic, has already found a following for his ideas in France among Christians who admire the physical and psychological disciplines of the East without accepting its negative and impersonal theology.

The Tripartite Man. Benedictine Yogi Déchanet has no use for such Western Orientalists as Jean Herbert, who has written: "Nothing is simpler than to supply Western Christian names in place of Hindu in the treatises on yoga technique." Déchanet is also on guard against the danger that the practice of yoga turns him toward "the Self, the I, the Absolute, the Wholly-One, the vague 'Ungraspable' of Hindu mystics" instead of toward "the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the living God, my Creator and Father." What Déchanet set out to do when he first began to practice yoga in his early 40s was not to turn it into something Christian, but to use it for Christian purposes. His main Christian purpose: to harmonize the three elements in man which the early church fathers designated as *anima* (the body and its functions), *animus* (the reasoning, analytical mind) and *spiritus* (the loving soul, yearning toward the Divine).

Father Déchanet chose one of the most basic forms of yoga: hatha-yoga, the discipline of the body and breathing. The hatha-yogis of India use 84 different asanas, or postures. For Christian yogis, Déchanet recommends 14, and illustrates them with simple diagrams (see cuts).

Breathing & Faith. At first a Westerner may feel ridiculous, he admits, standing on his head and blocking his nostrils alternately while he breathes. But in a short time he will feel the physical benefits of the practice ("a general unwinding, a euphoria" as well as the "spiritual ones. After ten minutes in the Pole position, followed by another ten in the Full Backwards Bend or Reintegration position, 'when breathing has become so slow and deep that it may seem as if the breath reaches the base of the intestines . . . there is no difficulty in attaching yourself wholly to the subject of prayer. I say 'wholly,' for you feel truly 're-collected,' gathered together." With the body perfectly relaxed and still and the mind quiet, "from the depths of the soul there rises up towards God a silent concert, as it were, of praise and adoration."

Though the Christian yogi does not appear to be different from other men, "a trained eye may be able to recognize him by his gait, bearing, gestures or reserve." There is a seal on everything he does because he shuns habit and automatic behavior—he is present with his whole being in whatever he is doing. The Christian yogi knows that he has gradually made his body into a faithful servant. "You order it (and it obeys) to help you to practise fully even virtues as great as faith, hope and Christian charity."



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SPORT

Trial by Fire

For months the climax had been building. Every meet seemed to produce new headlines, new records, new prodigies. Under challenge, the veterans slowly sweated their way back to top form. Last week 221 teen-agers and oldtimers, the finest group of trackmen in U.S. history, met for two days at Palo Alto, Calif., to struggle for the precious places on the team that will go to the Rome Olympics this August. "The competition will be the best it has ever been," predicted U.S. Olympic Track Coach Larry Snyder. "It has to be."

It was. From start to finish, the two days of intercollegiate battle produced a level of competition every bit as intense and gripping as the Olympics themselves. The brutally simple conditions of the meet guaranteed drama: the first three men in each event made the team; the rest did not. It made no difference if the losers were national champions, previous Olympic gold-medal winners or world record holders. Key survivors of Palo Alto's long trial by fire:

¶ The high jump bar was at 7 ft. 3½ in. when Boston University's *John Thomas*, 19, kicked his right leg at the sky, and belled over to break his own world record by 1½ in. "I don't know how high I can go," said Thomas later. "I'll let you know some other day."

¶ In the 100 meters, Oakland's great *Ray Norton*, 22, came from behind with his long, driving stride to finish in 10.4 sec. and barely beat out Villanova's Frank Budd. A tie for third made team members of *Paul Winder* of Morgan State (Md.) and Duke's *Dave Sims*, the hard-luck star sprinter who pulled a muscle in 1956 and did not make the Olympic squad. In the 200 meters around a turn, Norton

again rallied to win going away in 20.5 sec. to tie the world record.

¶ Clearing the barriers in graceful stride, Ohio's *Glenn Davis*, 25, whipped through the grueling 400-meter hurdles in 49.5 sec. to better by 0.6 sec. the Olympic record he tied in 1956 while winning a gold medal.

¶ Scissoring frantically through the air, Tennessee A. & I.'s *Ralph Boston* three times broad-jumped more than 26 ft., the boundary of greatness in the event, finished with a mark of 26 ft. 6½ in., just 1½ in. short of Jesse Owens' world record. "I still haven't got my run down perfect," said Boston. "If I hit it right, I might get that record."

¶ Still shaking off the effects of a cold, University of Oregon's *Dwight Burleson*, 20, easily moved from back in the pack on the second lap to take the lead in the 1,500 meters, turned on his famed finishing kick to open up a safe margin over Oregon Teammate Jim Grelle, casually glanced over his shoulder in the stretch and won as he pleased in a slow 3:46.9, a full 4.7 sec. off his best time.

¶ The meet's most dramatic moment was its very last. Ever since a bad leg kept him off the 1956 Olympic squad, Pole Vaulter *Don Bragg*, 29, had pointed for the 1960 team. At Palo Alto, Bragg sprinted down the runway, set his pole, hauled hard with his weight lifter's arms, and soared over the bar at 15 ft. 9½ in. to break by an inch the world record of Marine Bob Gutowski. Then started one of the wildest victory dances in track history. Bellowing with delight, Bragg tossed wood shavings in the air, waved his arms about his head and bounded about the field like a dipsy kangaroo. Out of the stands pel-medelled Bragg's fiancée, a 5 ft. 4½ in., 112-lb. blonde named Terry Fiore, in her hands a rosary that had snapped under the strain. Bragg gleefully flung her over one broad shoulder like a bag of cement and started to dance again. When he had calmed down enough to be coherent, Bragg declared: "I don't want to push the Man Upstairs. All I want is a gold medal in the Olympics, and then Tarzan of the Apes in the movies."

Driven by the competition, the athletes shrugged off injury. Hammer Thrower *Hal Connolly*, 28, world record holder and 1956 Olympic gold-medal winner, was warming up when he pulled a muscle in the left side of his massive back. Asked Connolly coolly: "Is there a doctor here?" With a shot of novocain in his back, Connolly whirled out a throw of 212 ft. 3½ in. to finish second by 2 ft. 3½ in. to *Al Hall*, 25, a 205-lb. poultryman from Southington, Conn.

After he had thrown the javelin 269 ft. 7½ in., *Bill Alley*, 23, caught his spikes in the grass, pulled a muscle and spiked himself badly in his right calf as he fell. His leg bandaged, Alley limped back to throw six more times, but could not better his first try, finished a gallant second to Marine Lieut. *Al Cantello*, who had a mark



HIGH JUMPER THOMAS
Up and up.

of 277 ft. 7 in. "Oh, I wanted to win, man," said Alley. "I wanted to win."

Some established stars lost out altogether. Broad Jumper *Gregg Bell*, 29, a gold-medal winner in the Melbourne Games of 1956, finished a frustrated fourth. Pole Vaulter *Bob Gutowski* failed to qualify. Toughest of all was the disappointment in the shotput. Army Lieut. *Bill Nieder*, 26, holds the world record at 65 ft. 7 in., but, hampered by a bad right knee, he reverted to his old line-drive style of toss and managed only a weak 61 ft. 9½ in. to finish fourth behind *Dallas Long* (63 ft. 3½ in.), *Parry O'Brien* (62 ft. 3½ in.) and *Dave Davis* (62 ft. 3½ in.). "Just call me choker, that's all," said Nieder.

Out of the battle of Palo Alto came the



SPRINTER NORTON
Up and around.



HURDLER DAVIS
Up and over.

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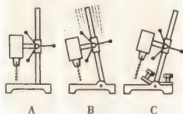


Today's scientist sees many 'human' attributes in mechanical equipment . . . and sees possibilities for many more. Memory is one of these. This new thinking is helping to revolutionize science and industry.

MEMORY

- *The ability to store and recall*
- *A faculty all organisms and machines have in common*
- *Only the concept is new . . . and the uses to which it's put*

What is memory? If we discard emotional overtones, we can define it as *the faculty for storing and retrieving information about an experience . . . without repeating all the conditions under which it first took place.* This definition recognizes the existence of recall in plants, bugs, machines, as well as human beings.



Consider this simple drill press (A). Its builder—making careful measurements—has given the drill the ability to move repeatedly up and down at an exact 90° angle to the work surface. It has a built-in memory of the perpendicular. Its user need not remeasure after each stroke. The benefit becomes more apparent when we obliterate this memory (the press has many others) by putting a pivot between upright and base (B).

Now let us add a pair of angle-irons and bolts. One pair will lock the upright in the old 90° position. The other: at 60° (C). In either position, the press has a memory of the other. When we speak of memory in the most complex "electronic brain", we are talking about much the same kind of recall!

A piano has a stored memory con-

sisting of 88 tones. Each string is a MEMORY LOCATION. The pianist can 'trigger' any one at will. Through the keyboard, he gives instruction to the mechanism in much the same way as the operator of a DIGITAL COMPUTER. The piano can even perform simple mathematical operations. When two or more keys are struck simultaneously, it delivers quantities of true digital information to a totalizer (the human ear) . . . and instructs this device to add them up. What we hear as a chord is the sum of these 'remembered' quantities.

The analogy goes even further. The music the pianist reads is no less than a PROGRAM—a meaningful sequence of instructions to the mechanism. A player piano—in the true fashion of automation—dispenses with human intervention and reads the program itself, from the same kind of coded tape many computers use.



We've talked of memory storage in terms of bolts and strings. One, we saw, delivers information in terms of angular degrees . . . the other: in vibrations per second. Anything which yields any information of any kind—when called upon—qualifies as a 'memory location'.

The discovery that *all* information can be reduced into very simple terms is responsible for the great versatility of many advanced computers. It enables us to store great quantities of data in compact form . . . and in such form that any item of information can be located almost instantly when wanted . . . or replaced with another. It can be done in many ways, but that is another subject.

Today's computers—even the biggest—can't compare with the human brain in memory capacity . . . but they far surpass it in the accuracy and speed of their recall. And this is just the beginning.

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POLE VAULTER BRAGG
A dipsy dance.

finest U.S. Olympic track team in history. But the rest of the world has also improved sharply since 1956's Melbourne Olympics. As a team, Russia will be the biggest threat to the continuing domination of track events by the U.S. With their trials still to come, Russian coaches last week were speaking guardedly of their young stars but praised a pair of sprinters named Leonid Bartenyev and Edwin Ozolin. Other sprinters around the world are also pointing for the U.S., including Germany's Armin Hary and Britain's Peter Radford.

Even so, the U.S. sprinters, who have not lost a gold medal since 1928, seem strong enough to dominate the 100 and 200 meters, and the 400-meter relay. "To beat one American sprinter is possible," says Italy's Dr. Robert Queretani, president of the Association of Track and Field Statisticians. "But to beat all three is something else again."

The U.S. should win the shotput, pole vault, hammer throw, and high jump, seems likely to take the javelin, discus and broad jump. But South Africa's Mal Spence is rated the world's best in the 400 meters by Europe's experts, and Jamaica's George Kerr will be the man to beat in the 800 meters, Jim Beatty in the 5,000 meters and Dwyor Burleson in the 1,500 meters give the U.S. its strongest candidates in years, but both will go to Rome as long shots against European and Russian distance men.

Looking at the cold statistics in the record books, U.S. Olympic Track Team Chairman Pincus Sober said: "We will face an uphill struggle to amass as many gold medals as we did in Helsinki (14) in 1952 or at Melbourne (15) in 1956.

But, as proved at Palo Alto last week, past records are of little help when trackmen are fighting it out in the stretch. If American athletes rise to the occasion in Rome as they have always done, the U.S. should not fall off the gold standard.

Gamesmanship Afloat

The Thames was full of practicing oarsmen last week, all correctly garbed in soggy sweat suits and all wearing the sober face of dedication to a gentleman's sport. Then an Australian named Stuart Mackenzie clapped a flippantly incorrect bowler on his head, put on a sardonic grin, and sallied out for a trial scull. Watching Mackenzie's parody of his prospective rivals, one old Cambridge rowing blue sniffed: "Just not the sort of thing done around here."

Yet, that is just the sort of thing Mackenzie has been doing around there for years. And rather successfully, too: by almost any standard. Stuart Mackenzie, 24, is international sculling's foremost character—and finest practitioner. Last week, warming up for a try at his fourth straight victory in the famed Diamond Sculls at Britain's Henley Royal Regatta, the 6-ft., 4½-in., 196-lb. Mackenzie was skittering his one-man shell across the water like a nervous water bug. But, as always, he was relying almost as much on gamesmanship as on power to preserve his reputation as the world's best sculler.

Mackenzie has enraged opponents by disdaining to remove his sweat suit for important races. At the 1957 European championships, Mackenzie muffled himself to his ears, hobbled about on a cane, and shuddered violently whenever a breeze came by. Then he won in record time. He deliberately provokes false starts. Says he: "Waiting for the second start, you're calm and collected, while the opposition gets rather edgy. When we're off again, I usually pound away to the front while they make a mess of it."

Once out in front, Mackenzie may let the field catch up, then shoot away with the cry: "This is racing, don't you know?" Or, bored with his lead, he may actually lag back to join the pursuing fleet for a stretch: "You get sick and tired just bashing along all alone."



SCULLER MACKENZIE
Nice little dabble.



DISTANCE RUNNER BEATTY
A long pull.

Son of a prosperous Sydney poultry farmer, Mackenzie earns a good living by chicken sexing, the occult craft of sorting out fluffy, day-old chicks by sex. A crack schoolboy rower, Mackenzie took up the individual sculls four months before the 1956 Olympics, learned fast enough to win a silver medal.

Matched against Poland's Teodor Kocerka in last week's Diamond Sculls, Mackenzie shot to his customary early lead, then settled down to his customary gamesmanship. At the finish, Mackenzie let Kocerka pull close before spurting hard to leave the Pole completely exhausted. He won by half a length and became the first man in the 20th century to take the Diamond Sculls four straight times. "It was a nice little dabble," said debonair Sculler Mackenzie. "But I was just playing."

Geo. Bushell



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ART



TAPISSIER LURÇAT & HIS "CHANT DU MONDE"

Renaissance in Wool

French Artist Jean Lurçat, 68, has more reason than most men to remember the Nazis, but he does not remember them simply because they burned his studio or because he lost his paratrooper son in action. The invaders had an insatiable greed for French tapestries, and when they had exhausted the reserves of traditional hangings in the ancient tapestry-weaving center of Aubusson, 235 miles south of Paris, the local weavers turned for new designs to a small group of former Paris artists turned Resistance fighters who were hiding in the town. Under the Nazis' noses, Lurçat wove a great crowing cock standing on a blazing ball of sun, which was his way of portraying

the inevitable triumph of liberty. That tapestry marked the beginning of Aubusson's phenomenal postwar renaissance, and Lurçat became its guiding spirit.

Before & After. Aubusson has had hand weavers for at least 500 years. But the mechanical looms of the 19th century reduced them to facile copiers, and World War I, followed by the Depression, all but finished off the industry. Today, the people of Aubusson speak almost out of habit of the time "before Lurçat" and "after Lurçat." Last week, as evidence of what Lurçat has done for the village, Aubusson had on view the most lavish display of local tapestries ever assembled: 530 brilliantly rich pieces in the full range of designs from representational to abstract by such artists as Gromaire, Dom Ro-

bert, Prassinis, Singier, Tourlière and, of course, Lurçat himself.

In years past, there had been 14,500 different tones of wool for the weaver to choose from. Lurçat cut the cumbersome number down to 41 kinds of wool and 13 colors. Unlike most other designers, he does not bother with small preliminary sketches, but attacks the work directly. "Like a surgeon approaching a delicate brain operation," says he, "I have it all in mind." It takes a skilled weaver about a month to produce one square yard of tapestry, which may sell for as much as \$400—or, in Lurçat's case, \$700.

Walls That Cry. Not only France but Germany, Switzerland and the Scandinavian countries are becoming customers of Aubusson. The U.S., which until last year imposed a 60% duty on modern tapestries, has not yet begun to buy in quantity. Last month a group of U.S. artists, including Stuart Davis, Ben Shahn and Theodoros Stamos, formed the Society of American Tapestry Designers in the hope of enticing other Americans to take their place beside the Europeans. Lurçat and his colleagues do not worry about competition: not only are tapestries more in demand; they are also getting bigger.

Last week Bremen had on display a huge (305 square yards) section of Lurçat's *Le Chant du Monde*, which will eventually be almost double that in size. "All the monumental arts," says Lurçat, "are having some kind of renaissance. In São Paulo, Tokyo, Caracas, Geneva, it is the same—the architects are making huge new buildings with great nude walls that cry out for tapestries." *Le Chant du Monde* may never decorate such a wall, for its most logical destination would be a French museum, where it would hang as an example of the work of probably the greatest *tapisserieur* of his time.

ON NATIVE GROUND

NOT for 25 years, wrote Milan's weekly *Epoca*, had Italy seen an exhibit that "offered such a wide and original panorama of Italian contemporary art." The 192 paintings and sculptures were only visitors to their native land, and some Italians were inclined to complain about that. But by this week, as it opened in Rome after eight weeks in Milan, the show of U.S.-owned 20th century Italian works, sponsored by Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art, had won a special kind of favor. To Bologna's *Il Resto del Carlino*, it was clear "evidence of the attention and love with which a discriminating American public follows Italian contemporary art. We should be grateful."

The fact that the show opened first in Milan was only fitting, for it was there that in 1910 five rebellious painters issued a manifesto to the young artists of Italy. "We propose," they declared, "to exalt every form of originality, even if reckless, even if overviolent." The futurist movement never became quite so reckless as its manifesto sounded, but for a time, at least, it did have Italy on the brink of artistic civil war.

Benches & Dreams. When three of the manifesto signers—Umberto Boccioni, Luigi Russolo and Carlo Carrà—held a "Futurist Evening" in Turin, they set off a riot. In Bologna, Carrà was nearly killed when an exasperated antifuturist hurled a bench at him, and in Treviso the three painters had to be rescued by the police from a mob. But the searing colors and frenzied designs of the futurists had their purpose: to depict

not the surface world but the latent powers asleep within.

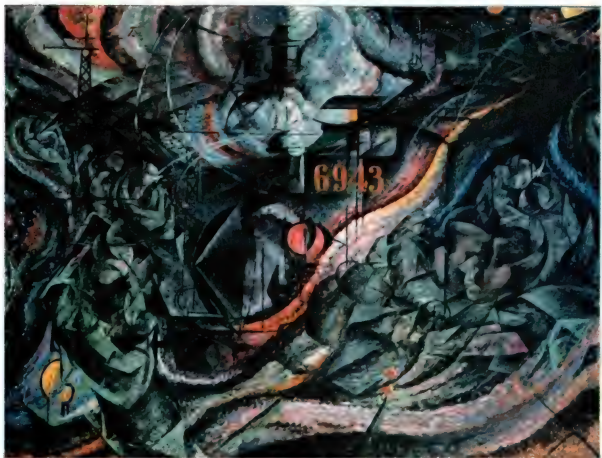
From those early years on, Italian painting fluctuated wildly between violence and serenity. Even as the futurist wave gathered momentum, Modigliani began painting his delicately attenuated figures, and Italy's art moved on through Giorgio de Chirico's dream-like surrealism, the almost eerie quiet of Giorgio Morandi's still lifes, and finally into the boiling seas of abstract expressionism. To show the full sweep, the Museum of Modern Art lent 46 of its own works, went to 17 other U.S. museums and such private collectors as Joseph Pulitzer Jr., Peggy Guggenheim, John D. Rockefeller III, Oveta Culp Hobby, Henry Ford II. Before the show's sponsors were finished, they had gathered the works of 45 artists, including 17 De Chiricos and no fewer than 18 Modiglianis.

Force & Humor. None were received with greater interest than the paintings of the rebellious futurists of 1910. Boccioni's famous *States of Mind: the Farewells* (see color), owned by Nelson Rockefeller, is a cascade of form that suggests a world about to be overwhelmed by a snorting, blazing force that cannot be named. But of all the works in the exhibit, the one most affectionately greeted was *Leash in Motion*, by Boccioni's great teacher and fellow futurist, Giacomo Balla, master of both movement and humor. "We had not seen it," sighed Rome's *Momento-Sera* of the painting that is now owned by A. Conger Goodyear, "since 1912, when it was last exhibited here. All these works return for a brief while to please us."



GIACOMO BALLA. "LEASH IN MOTION"

UMBERTO BOCCHIONI. "STATES OF MIND. THE FAREWELLS"





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MUSIC

Folk Frenzy

*When I was young I use' to wait
On Massa an' hand him his bicarbonate
Until one day he chance to fin'
Dat eftervescent Ab-Doh line!
Oh, Ab-Doh Pills! Ab-Doh Pills!
Dey's de answer to all de stomach ills!*

No one has tried to sell a pill to these lyrics yet, but any day now, some adman may. The U.S. is smack in the middle of a folk-music boom, and already the TV pitchmen have begun to take advantage of it. Pseudo folk groups such as the Kingston Trio (see SHOW BUSINESS) are riding high on the pop charts, and enthusiasm—for folk singers—real or synthetic—has grown so rapidly that there are now 50 or so professional practitioners making a handsome living where there were perhaps half a dozen five years ago. Last week, in far from mute testimony that folk music is now grown up enough to have its own status symbols, some of the most popular of the artists turned up in Newport's Freebody Park for the city's second annual Folk Festival; others arrived in Berkeley, Calif., for a five-day festival that each day attracted 1,200 ardent fans.

According to experts, the basic cause of the bull market in folk music—which has been coming on ever since World War II—is the do-it-yourself trend: folk audiences unlike jazz audiences, like to participate in the music they admire. At Newport last week, many spectators brought along banjos and guitars with their sleeping bags and sat around campfires on the beaches strumming far into the night. (In the last three years, U.S. banjo sales have increased by 500%.)



PETE SEEGER
Rough and twangy.

—Winifred I. Parks

Folk singers come in at least four varieties: the genuine articles, such as Louisiana Convict Pete Williams; the "city-billies," who pick up their materials at second hand but try to retain the original flavor; the "art singers," who transform the materials in carefully stylized arrangements; and the frankly commercial groups, which fit folk lyrics into a pop format. Among folk music's currently popular or promising names:

¶ Odetta, a 29-year-old Alabama-born singer who works out of Chicago and has become a favorite with the campus crowd. Originally trained for opera, Odetta first achieved fame with her version of *Water Boy*, has a repertoire of some 200 sad, bawdy and fanciful songs—*Bald-Headed Woman*, *Dark as a Dungeon*, *Great Historical Bums*—all of which she delivers in a dark, handsomely pliant contralto with none of the whisky rawness of untutored folk singers.

¶ Theodore Bikel, 36, sings in 17 tongues, is especially known for Israeli songs—*Dodi Li*, *Mi Barchet*, *Hechulit*—which he delivers in a constricted, almost nasalized voice. An accomplished actor (*The Defiant Ones*, *African Queen*), he attacks his material with such zest and humor that he has become one of the most sought-after concert artists in the business.

¶ The New Lost City Ramblers, a trio of college men, sing a brand of hillbilly known as "Blue Grass." Born in Kentucky, the style calls for a complex string accompaniment—in this case on five-string banjo, fiddle and guitar—and a frenetically fast vocal line unredeemed to a foot-slapping accompaniment. The Ramblers learned their best songs—*Beware, O Take Care* and *Hopalong Peter*—from such fabled Blue Grass groups as the Buckle-Busters and Dr. Smith's Champion Horse-Hair Pullers.

¶ Pete Seeger, 41, quit Harvard to study folk music, has since cut some 50 albums that have made him the hero of the college folk revival. Seeger's voice is twangy and his pitch uncertain, but he sings with unequalled verve and a kind of rough-hewn sense of conviction. An ardent left-winger, he once sang many industrial songs, now is better known for Appalachian mountain songs (*Pretty Polly*) and Negro classics like *I'm on My Way* and *Takes a Worried Man*.

¶ The Brothers Four rose to sudden popularity with their recording of *Greenfields*. Inspired by the Kingston Trio, they often appear in gold shirts and Oxford grey shorts, offer hoked-up versions of such numbers as *Eddystone Light* and *Let the Rest of the World Go By*. Perhaps their most unforgivable sin, in the eyes of folk purists, is backing up their arrangements with cymbals and bongo drums.

¶ The Weavers—three men and a girl—were organized by Pete Seeger more than a decade ago, and their success has made them the most widely imitated group in the business. Although they compose some



JOAN BAEZ
Soft and clear.

of their own materials, they stick closely to folk tradition, avoid the pop styling that some other groups favor. Their most famous numbers: *Good Night*, *Irene* and *On Top of Old Smoky*.

¶ Joan Baez (pronounced buy-ezz) is a 19-year-old Boston-born beauty of Mexican-Irish descent who made her first big splash at last year's Newport Festival and has since been tagged as one of folk music's most promising talents. In her soft, clear voice, she sings both ballads such as *We Are Crossing the River Jordan*, bringing to each a fine rhythmic sense and quantities of fresh charm. So far, she is best known in the coffeehouses of Harvard Square, where she sings, she says, to troubled intellectuals with "the Bomb on their minds."

Classical Records

Some of the best recordings of contemporary American music these days are being made by a conductor who is not an American and by an orchestra not resident in the U.S. Akio Watanabe, 41-year-old conductor of the Japan Philharmonic, is his nation's most gifted interpreter of modern scores; for Composers Recordings, Inc. he has now conducted eight modern American works by composers ranging from Aaron Copland to Halsey Stevens, giving them deft and assured readings.

Conductor Watanabe is the son of a Finnish mother and a Japanese father who became a Lutheran clergyman. A child prodigy on the violin, he studied conducting at Manhattan's Juilliard School of Music. Unabashedly trading on the influence of his father-in-law, Japan's then Premier Ichiro Hatoyama, Watanabe founded the Japan Philharmonic in 1956, staffed it with young Japanese musicians and one American, Concertmaster Broadus Erle, founder of Manhattan's New Music String



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CONDUCTOR AKEO WATANABE
The composer surrendered.

Quartet. Now in the top rank of Japanese orchestras, the Japan Philharmonic plans to come to the U.S. in the 1961-62 season on its first overseas tour.

In his latest C.R.I. release, Watanabe offers Roger Sessions' *Symphony No. 1* and Russell Smith's *Tetrameron*, neither of them recorded before. Sessions' is a brilliant, rhythmically complex work shot through with passages of surprisingly simple and appealing lyricism; Smith's is a quiet, ten-minute exercise full of odd sonorities. The orchestra plays them both cleanly, with notable purity of tone. The Sessions symphony was taken at a faster tempo than the composer intended, Watanabe recalls, and when Sessions heard of it he cabled, urging that they stick to the "correct tempo." Instead, Watanabe forwarded the tapes and got a second cable from Sessions: "I surrender."

Other new records:

Ruth Crawford Seeger: String Quartet (Amati String Quartet; Columbia). Ruth Seeger, who died in 1953, was one of the U.S.'s few women composers to develop a voice of her own. As demonstrated in this early work, it was compounded of boldly skittering rhythms, moderately fiery dissonances and occasional snatches of homely but not folksy melody. The quartet reads her strongly and well.

French Horn Masterpieces, Vol. II (James Stagliano; Paul Ulanovsky, piano; Boston). An ear-opener for listeners to whom the French horn is little more than an operatic halloo. The composers are Russian and French, most of them dyed in the-brass romanticists: Gligle, Cui, Glazunov, Tchaikovsky, Scriabin, Dukas, Fauré. The most interesting work is Francis Poulenc's sparsely angular, twelve-tone *Elégie* written in tribute to Britain's late, great hornist, Dennis Brain. The Boston Symphony's Stagliano summons a rich, clear and remarkably controlled sound.

Handel: *Acis & Galatea* (Joan Sutherland, Peter Pears, Owen Brannigan, David Galloway; Philomusica of London with the St. Anthony Singers, conducted by Sir Adrian Boult; London). A slightly cut

version of the masque that became the most popular of Handel's works in his own lifetime. The score is fresh and frothy, the choral numbers a wonder of vocal cross-hatching, and the performance controlled and clear. Soprano Sutherland trills her lines with transparent ease.

Bach: *Cantatas* (Mack Harrell; orchestra and chorus conducted by Robert Shaw; RCA Victor). The last album recorded by Baritone Harrell before his death at 50 last January. The two cantatas here offered—Nos. 46 and 82—are among the simplest and most serene of the 200-plus Bach wrote. Harrell's reading is rich, secure and wonderfully responsive to the texts' reverent moods.

Martini: *Concerto for Two String Orchestras, Piano and Timpani* (the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Karl Ančerl; Artia). When the members of the Basel orchestra were asked to play the première performance of this work in 1940, they argued that the music was too difficult. Said Conductor Paul Sacher: "Gentlemen, you do not seem to realize that you have before you a masterpiece!" Czech Composer Martinu, who died in 1959, had in fact produced something less than a masterpiece, but his double concerto nevertheless is a taut and compelling work. The Czech strings negotiate the dissonant score with raw, bludgeoning power.

Songs to Texts by James Joyce (Patricia Neway; Lyricbird). Six composers, including Samuel Barber, set some of Joyce's most famous lines to music. The best are the simplest—Israel Citkowitz' easy-breathing "Strings in the earth and air," Seymour Barab's wistful "My love is in a light attire," both from *Chamber Music*. Soprano Neway does her best by all the selections, but the delivery inevitably sounds as if riddled with static when she hits lines like

*Bronze by gold heard the hoofbeats,
steelyringing
Imperthnth thnthnthn.
Chips, picking chips off rocky thumb-
nail, chips.*

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EDUCATION

Speedup at Pittsburgh

While colleges across the U.S. took their well-deserved ease last week, one school was almost as busy as during the normal school year. At the University of Pittsburgh, classrooms and dorms were filled; the student-union lounge and the cafeteria clattered with noise. The Pitt Players were rehearsing *The Solid Gold Cadillac*, and such visitors as Poet Stanley Kunitz and Dancer Ruth St. Denis were coming in to lecture. Reason for the activity: Pitt is experimenting with a novel 'trimester' system that keeps the campus humming eleven months of the year. As the number of students seeking a college education grows by leaps and bounds, Pitt (normal enrollment: 15,000) cannot possibly keep up without a huge—and much too costly—expansion program. But by educating its students faster, in much the same way as World War II's acceleration programs, the school hopes to find a way out.

Careful Planning. Masterminded by Pitt's dynamic Chancellor Edward H. Litchfield, the trimester system was started last fall for the freshman and sophomore classes. Juniors and seniors will be included in the program in the fall of 1960, graduate students in the fall of 1961. The year is divided into three semesters instead of the standard two. Each semester runs 11 weeks: September through the middle of December, January through the second week in April, the last week of April through the first week of August. Students in the plan get a month's breather after the third semester, then start in again. Students and teachers both may take either two or three semesters each year. If they choose three, students can finish college, go on to graduate school and embark on a profession while they are still quite young. As for the teachers, they can either earn one-third more money each year or, by working only two of the shortened semesters, find more time for research and travel. So far, Pitt has had no trouble signing up faculty members to staff the program.

To make it work smoothly takes plenty of careful planning. Pitt is busily revising its curriculum for trimester students, is splitting up courses traditionally tied together on a two-semester basis, e.g., Trig 1, Trig 2. To the horror of the students exams have been squeezed into the regular schedule of each semester, instead of being allotted a week of their own. Pitt is also working on state agencies to revise the professional requirements for graduates. A law student at Pitt, for example, could finish law school in two years, but the Pennsylvania State Board of Bar Examiners has required three years of law school up to now. Intercollegiate sports are another problem. Some first-year graduate students at Pitt will be the equivalent of fourth-year undergraduates elsewhere, but as matters now stand, N.C.A.A. rules bar all graduate students from competition. Says Litchfield, who hopes to



PITTSBURGH'S LITCHFIELD
Taking four years in three.

persuade the N.C.A.A. to waive its requirements: "You shouldn't penalize institutions willing to experiment."

No Time to Fool Around. Pitt also has a sizable public relations job to do on its students. When the trimester plan was first suggested in 1957, a poll showed that two-thirds of the students were opposed. Many feared an assembly line education. Wrote Sophomore Marcia Sandra Casar to the *Pittsburgh Press* this spring: "Is this education or automation? We study to jam material into our brain, empty the material into an examination paper, and rush on to the next subject forgetting all we have previously learned." But now that the youngsters have had a chance to try it out for ten months—and see how much they really can retain—they are starting to come around. Pitt's administration would have been quite happy if 2,500 students had enrolled for the third semester this summer. Actual enrollment: 5,026. Says Liberal Arts Student Pat Bachman: "Sure, there may be more pressure. But it makes us more conscious of our responsibilities. We know we don't have time to play around."

The trimester plan is still experimental, but the first results are so encouraging that Pitt has just held a conference to explain the system to educators from 45 U.S. schools faced with the same problems. The University of Pennsylvania, Penn State, the University of Michigan, Temple and other colleges are considering trimester plans, and Pitt has received letters from better than 100 other colleges asking for information. Says Chancellor Litchfield: "The results of this pilot run have come off amazingly well. Much better than we thought or had any right to think."



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Technology for Turkey

There was only a brief ceremony for the 30 students receiving their college degrees in a drab, grey building behind the Turkish Parliament in Ankara. Barely a handful of people were present. The students had no caps and gowns; nor were their diplomas engraved in traditional fashion—just plain typed certificates. But if the surroundings were drab last week the occasion was not. It was the first graduation of the Middle East Technical University, organized to overcome the lag in technical education in the underdeveloped Middle East, and to do it in a hurry. Says the school's American president, Edwin S. Burell: "Education in Turkey is about 100 years behind the U.S. in terms



METU'S BURDELL & STUDENTS
Gaining 100 years in five.

of methods and facilities, but we hope to catch up in five years."

MEÜT is the result of high dreams and hard work. At dinner one night in Ankara five years ago, Charles Abrams, a U.S. housing expert on a United Nations mission, commiserated with Vecdi Diker, then that time Turkey's highway director, over the state of Turkish education. Both agreed that what Turkey needed most was a technical college. While Diker sold the idea to his government, Abrams sold it to the U.N. The U.N. chipped in \$1,500,000, its largest contribution to date to any educational institution, to help start the school, and by the fall of 1956 the first architecture class was at work. Within two years, MEÜT had grown to four schools (architecture and city planning; engineering; administrative sciences, arts and sciences), and in May 1959 it was formally chartered by the Turkish government. This spring Burdell was persuaded to leave his job of 22 years as the resourceful head of Manhattan's Cooper Union and



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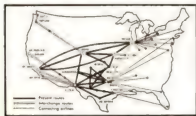
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spend three years molding METU's parts into a smoothly functioning university. Then he will pass on the job to a Turkish president. Says he: "We are all working as hard as we can to put ourselves out of work."

Knowledge That Works. Plans are for METU to serve not just Turkey but the entire Middle East. Though this year's graduates are all Turkish, about 12% of the school's 515 students come from other countries in the area, and the figure will rise to as much as 20%. Most of the students are still from upper-class backgrounds; since English is the modern world's technical *lingua franca*, all studies are conducted in English, and only the best-educated students are equipped to understand the texts. But in time, President Burdell expects his enrollment to include "sons and daughters of peasants of Anatolia, miners of Zonguldak, fishing families of the Black Sea." In keeping with the students, the faculty is international. Many are Turks, but there are also Americans, Englishmen, Norwegians, Dutch, Canadians.

The professors from far away are bringing a new kind of study to the region. There is a rare, informal atmosphere to the school, with plenty of classroom give and take. Says Student Ozcan Esmer, 21: "In other universities students have only one instructor, who talks all the time, and you don't dare ask advice or questions." The students learn practical answers to practical problems that they can see all around their underdeveloped land. And by learning on home ground they are in a better position than many students who go abroad and come back filled with knowledge that may or may not apply to the home region.

Academic Freedom. Though Turkey pays the biggest share of the school's annual budget (\$2,400,000 this year), METU also gets about \$600,000 annually from many international sources. It has more autonomy than most other higher-educational institutions in the Middle East. Though the Minister of Education has a voice in financial matters, the president and his trustees make the policies. Turkey's recent military coup caused some anxious moments, and Burdell expects that he will have to justify some of the schemes decided upon during the Menderes regime. "We can only go as fast as the new government permits us to go. But we may actually emerge a more solid institution in the end."

The project that everyone hopes the new government will continue to support is a vast expansion starting late next year. The plans are to start work on a handsome permanent campus on a 12,000-acre plot that was donated by the Menderes government. The land is now filled with wheat and grazing sheep. But METU's visionaries expect it to be the seat of a great university city with a student population of 12,000 and an overall population of 20,000. And they look on it as the model for a succession of similar schools that will some day rise throughout the Middle East.

Minding our own business

BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK

And no mistake. Heard about "Type-Out"? The typist places it over an error, retypes the error, removes "Type-Out," and the error is gone! Last month, Business Week ran a news item about it, naming the New York distributor who sells to corporations. But, alas, we omitted his street address.



Sure enough, a desperate postal clerk phoned. Mail was pouring in, but the Post Office couldn't find this company. Oh, what a shame, replied a sweet editorial secretary—why couldn't they just send the mail over to us? We'd bundle it off to the right party, saving Uncle the addressing chore. "Wonderful!" cried the clerk, and off he went. But he was back on the phone in five minutes. "Young lady," she scolded, "that sort of thing is illegal!"

So she gave him the street address, and his writer's cramp must be fearsome. We hear the company got nearly 4,500 inquiries in the first two weeks.

More power. Fastest-growing big business in the world is the semiconductor industry, whose products make possible a thousand wonders—from transistor radios to computers to satellites. In



March, we ran a Special Report to Executives about this industry, and in two months we got 4,700 requests for a total of 62,000 reprints. Nicest comment came from a sales executive on an electronics publication: "Astonishingly good. I'd hate to be competing with Business Week."

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STATE OF BUSINESS

The Next Six Months

Across the nation last week the phrase to describe the economy at midyear was that it was pretty fair but had "no bounce." If sales were good, as they were in most industries, businessmen worried that they were not better. If they were poor, as they were in some industries, when would they improve? The economic experts who were in overoptimistic agreement last January that the economy would soar in 1960, were now guardedly optimistic about the next six months, but were no longer talking of the "soaring sixties."

At a meeting of the U.S. Chamber of



Commerce in Washington last week, Frank E. Morris, research director of the Investment Bankers Association, warned that "signs of an imminent recession are growing all the time and should not be ignored. There is no way to tell whether it will come in the last quarter of this year or the first quarter of next year," because of slackening business activity and the decline in inventory accumulation. He was promptly challenged by Dr. Emerson P. Schmidt, the Chamber of Commerce's director of economic research. Said Schmidt: "In spite of some soft spots, the U.S. economy is operating at new high levels. The prospects for further improvement are good."

Moving Sideways. In its July monthly letter, the First National City Bank of New York cautiously clouded its crystal ball, noted that "the good and bad elements in the business news have continued roughly in balance in recent weeks and the overall measure of activity has moved broadly sideways." In San Francisco, James Black, chairman of Pacific Gas & Electric, the West Coast's largest public utility, took a serious view of the economy's uncertainty, said it spurred the kind of "depression-maybe" talk that was last heard at the low point of the 1958 recession. Said Black: "I don't know anybody who is smart enough to say what's going on."

Consumers, too, have their doubts about the pace of the economy, and some merchants report a buyers' tendency to put off deferrable "big-ticket" purchases—furniture, appliances, etc. The University of Michigan's Survey Research Center this week reported "a marked decline in consumer optimism" in the past two months.

Basically, what worries most businessmen is that 1960 has not lived up to their expectations. Says Stanley Marcus, president of Dallas' Neiman-Marcus: "We all thought the golden '60s were to be a soaring bird, not a land-based animal. Business is still good, about the same as last year, which was good, but there is disappointment because things are not as good as they were supposed to be."

Disappointing Steel. The reasons for the disappointment in the economy's performance so far this year seem clear. The post-steel strike inventory buildup that began in the final months of 1959 was expected to last well into the middle of 1960, with the industry operating at near capacity. Instead, previous inventories turned out not to be as low as expected. After a fast \$10 billion annual rate of inventory accumulation in the first quarter, the rate dropped sharply to \$5 billion in the second three months. A large part of the drop was owing to a change in inventory policy. With ample capacity, speedy delivery and no fears of sudden price rises, manufacturers are operating on almost bare-bone inventories. American inventiveness has helped in this process. The increasing shift to electronic and punch-card systems provides exact control over what used to be largely a hit-or-miss attempt to gauge supply and demand, often led to overordering. Also contributing to the slow first half was a \$1 billion lag in programmed Government spending, plus a 13% drop in federal highway spending for the first five months.

Another strong and pessimistic influ-



ence on the economy was the stock market, which was the first to signal the gloom to come. Even though the market has turned optimistic and recovered nearly half of the lost ground in the past two months, many businessmen are still waiting to be convinced that the market which was right in January, is right again. Explains Henry Broderick, head of Henry Broderick Inc., Seattle's largest real estate-management firm: "When the stock market began to settle down and most good stock remained sour into May, it was a signal all over America. Buyers and businessmen alike said to themselves, 'There must be something going on that I don't know about. I had better watch my step.'"

The slide in the steel industry has also had a major psychological effect on the economy. This week, steel production will be down to about 50% of capacity, and more than 480,000 of the 1,250,000 members of the United Steelworkers of Amer-



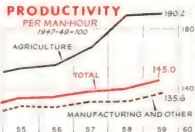
James Black
"No bounce" could mean a solidier ball.

ica will either be laid off or work a short week, according to Union President David McDonald.

In every industry the toughest competition in years has intensified the problem of the cost-price squeeze. To meet competition, manufacturers have been forced to forgo price rises, the quick way to balance rising costs. While overall profits are expected to rise this year, the higher earnings are hard to come by. General Tire & Rubber Co. last week reported reduced earnings in the first fiscal half, although sales were 15% higher than a year ago. The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., the nation's largest grocery store chain, had a drop in its first fiscal quarter profits despite a 4% sales increase.

Profound Changes. But the real puzzle to many experts is that even with the decline in steel, and other soft spots, the economy has continued to grow in the first half. Gross national product is estimated to be running at the annual rate of \$505 billion in the second quarter v. \$484.5 billion in the same period last year. Personal income is still on the rise, running at the annual rate of \$590 billion in May v. \$581 billion a year ago.

What may well be happening, says Elmer L. Lindseth, chairman of the Cleve-



land Electric Illuminating Co., is that "we're experiencing significant changes in components of our gross national product." The new industries on the rise, such as electronics and missiles, use comparatively little steel; thus some experts feel that the index statisticians lay too much emphasis on the steel industry. Some transistors, for example, smaller than a kernel of corn, sell for \$200 to \$300, or more than a ton of steel. And there is a shift in industries themselves. In Los Angeles, where aircraft-industry employment has dropped 12%, or nearly 3,000 workers a month, since last October, new jobs in electronics and missile fields boosted employment to an alltime high.

The Second Half. Looking ahead for the next six months, optimists outnumber the pessimists. Inland Steel Chairman Joseph Block expects steel production to pick up by late summer, average out to more than 70% of capacity for the year. Says he: "1960 will be one of the industry's best production years, with a bare possibility of topping the 1955 record ingot output of 117 million tons." Retail sales are still above last year (*see chart*), and Sears Roebuck Chairman Charles Kellstadt expects his company's 1960 sales to increase 5% over 1959 sales of about \$4 billion. The auto industry has a million-car inventory on its hands, only 16% in the fast-selling compacts. Dealers may be worried about selling them, but Detroit is not. Some automakers plan to shut down earlier for model changes. Estimates of 1960 car sales range from General Motors' 6,250,000 forecast to George Romney's 7,000,000. All automakers agree that 1960 will be the best year for car sales since 1955's record 7,000,000 cars. Construction, down in the first half (*see chart*), is expected to rise with a pickup in home building.

Despite some soft spots in consumer buying of heavy appliances, sales of leisure-time items such as TV sets, boats and swimming pools are strong. Food sales continue to move upward with the increase in consumer income. Even the lagging oil industry will get a boost in the second half, says George F. Getty II, Tidewater Oil Co. president. He expects industry earnings to be 10% to 15% over 1959.

No Major Weakness. What many economists find most encouraging is that there is no single weak sector that threatens to pull the economy down. Inventory buying is expected to remain at the \$5 billion level in the third quarter, and may rise in the final period. Says a top Administration economist: "That drag is behind us." Plant and equipment spending, although trimmed slightly, will still be 14% ahead of last year and close to the 1957 record of \$37 billion. Federal highway spending under the federal aid program will double to \$1.4 billion in the next three months; Government purchasing will rise by \$1 billion in the second half. Congress also added \$661 million to the defense budget last week. Another cheering sign is the continuing increase in productivity. Last week the Labor Depart-



Tom Venalet—Detroit Free Press
CHRYSLER'S COLBERT & NEWBERG
No comment started the talk.

ment reported that the output of goods and services per man-hour last year rose about 4.4% above 1958 (*see chart*).

Businessmen are even beginning to find some cheer in their disappointments. The Massachusetts Investors Trust, one of the nation's largest mutual funds, regards the fact that the first half did not develop into a boom as a positive factor. Says a top M.I.T. executive: "New record peaks will be reached this year, but there is no boom in the offing. It is a fact which disturbs us not at all, since a boom is always followed by a decline."

The bounce is still missing but businessmen are now more confident that the prospects ahead are cheerier if not sensational.

AUTOS

The Chrysler Mystery

Chrysler's brand-new President William Charles Newberg, 49, called in the press one day last week, smilingly posed beside brand-new 1961 models for pictures to be used when the cars go on sale in September and October. Elected president only nine weeks ago, he talked enthusiastically of plans for Chrysler's coming year. Two days later Chrysler Chairman Lester Lum ("Tex") Colbert called an emergency meeting of Chrysler's board of directors in Manhattan, and he and Newberg flew there from Detroit in two company planes. At the meeting, to the shocked surprise of Detroit insiders and outsiders alike, Newberg resigned.

Why? The board's terse official explanation: "His resignation was due to differences of opinion on certain corporation policies." When Colbert flew back to Detroit alone, leaving Newberg to follow via commercial flight, the first speculation was that the trouble was a personal squabble between Chrysler's two top men. But when Newberg was asked if he and Colbert were still friends, he replied: "Yes, as far as I'm concerned." It hardly seemed likely at this late date that Colbert and Newberg could clash with such finality. Few executives in U.S. companies have been closer.

Friends for years, Newberg and Colbert both started to work for Chrysler in 1933. As Colbert advanced, Newberg was usually only a step behind. When President Colbert became Chrysler's board chairman, it was no surprise to anyone that Newberg was named president, bypassing able First Vice President Edgar C. Row, 64, who, Colbert said, was ailing and anxious to retire. When Newberg left last week the ailing Row was pronounced "recovered" of his ailment (deafness) by Colbert and given his job back, despite

TIME CLOCK

TOP TEN COMPANIES in U.S. last year, according to FORTUNE survey, were, in order:

General Motors
Standard Oil (N.J.)
Ford Motor
General Electric
U.S. Steel
Socony Mobil Oil
Gulf Oil
Texaco
Chrysler
Swift

First seven places were the same as 1958, but Texaco moved up to eighth spot from ninth last year. Chrysler rose to ninth from eleventh and Swift dropped to tenth from eighth. Western Electric, tenth in 1958, was eleventh last year. FORTUNE found sales of 500 largest firms rose to \$197.4 billion, up 11.6% from 1958, with profits up 25.1% to \$12 billion.

STEEL-SHARES OFFERING to private investors to complete denationalization of British steel industry

will soon be sold by British government, despite opposition of Labor Party, which nationalized companies nine years ago. Government still holds twelve companies (about 10% of capacity) valued at about \$672 million.

AMERICANS SMOKED a record 463.5 billion cigarettes in the past year (nearly 20 billion more than the year before).

TAX LOOPHOLE was closed by U.S. Supreme Court ruling that mining companies that are also manufacturers may claim depletion allowances only on raw materials, not on finished products. Ruling will gain Treasury \$50 million this year, about \$600 million a year in future.

NIGERIAN BRANCH will be opened by Bank of America in Lagos next month, will be first U.S. commercial bank in Africa's most heavily populated country, which becomes independent Oct. 1.



The Speculator's Speculator

JOHN ALOYSIUS COLEMAN

AMONG all the speculators in stocks, no one, day in and day out, takes greater risks than John Aloysius Coleman, 58, a trim, broad-shouldered Irishman with the saturnine look and sad eyes of a bloodhound. He is a stock specialist and is required by the New York Stock Exchange to "make the market" and help stabilize prices in the 52 stocks he specializes in. This means that he must often buy a stock, whatever its price and prospects, when the majority of investors want to sell, thus keep it from dropping too much. He must also sell stocks when the majority wants to buy, thus keep stocks from rising too fast. In the great "Cardiac Break" on Sept. 26, 1955, after President Eisenhower's attack, Coleman and the other 350 New York Exchange specialists laid out about \$500 million in one day for stocks that panicky investors dumped on the market. The specialists had no assurance prices would not keep falling until their fortunes were decimated—though the market rallied next day. To outsiders, Coleman's profession seems like gambling on a scale to make a Las Vegas bettor quail.

But Coleman, a Stock Exchange veteran of 35 years and one of its senior specialists, does not consider his job gambling. "I call it speculation," he says. "The difference between gambling and speculation is knowledge." It is knowledge of his 52 stocks, including American Tobacco, Brunswick, Motorola, and W. R. Grace, that is part of the secret of Coleman's success: what stock is likely to be in demand, and—more often than not—why. When a stock goes up, Coleman has usually laid in a supply of it in advance, and turns a profit. Conversely, he often is shrewd enough to unload his supply of a stock before the market in it turns down. The worst thing he has to contend with is fear—the sudden frights that cause investors to dump stocks with little reason. Says Coleman: "Nobody ever got burned to death in a theater fire. They get trampled to death."

WHEN the fire bell rings, Coleman nimbly dodges between frightened investors. Even when the overall trend of the market is down, there are momentary rallies that he can profit by. He can buy a stock one minute and sell it for a half-point profit the next. He often is "long" (buying a stock for a rise) in

one stock while "short" (selling for a fall) in another. Coleman actually profited in the Cardiac Break, just as he did in the market's crash in 1929. "We were both long and short. To survive you had to be."

To survive he also needs a computer-like mind, able to keep track of dozens of transactions down to the last eighth of a point. Peering over one of his books in which he keeps his transactions, he stands at his Post 13 on the floor each day, surrounded by brokers clamoring to buy and sell. On a typical morning last week, he had to spend \$81,600 at the opening gong to buy 1,200 shares of Brunswick stock at 68 that nobody wanted. Later in the day the stock rose to 68½, and Coleman sold some. But if the stock had gone down, Coleman would still have had to buy. To even up the odds, the specialist has privileges. Among them: he can trade on only 25% margin vs. 90% for other buyers. But the pressure is unrelenting, and Coleman, with nerves as chilled as a dry martini, often turns over \$1,000,000 a day, buying and selling. To do this requires capital. Coleman's firm of Adler, Coleman & Co. has it: an estimated \$10 million.

COLEMAN learned his specialist's skills in the only way possible—on the job. The son of an Irish cop who had the Wall Street beat, Coleman quit high school after a year to go to work as a page boy at the New York Stock Exchange at 14, went to work as a broker at 21. At 22 he borrowed \$81,000 from his employer, Specialist Edwin H. Stern, to buy a Stock Exchange seat, has been there ever since. He has been chairman of the exchange, has been a member of the exchange's board of governors for 16 years.

Specialist John Coleman has made the most of his market opportunities. He is not far behind Millionaire Joseph Kennedy (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS) in his contributions to Catholic charities. He is a Democrat, has an apartment on Manhattan's Park Avenue as well as a summer home in Spring Lake, N.J. Coleman himself takes an almost personal pride in the market: "The fact that we have been able to maintain a continuous market through all sorts of conditions, including the Depression, is the greatest thing anybody ever saw." But the best thing, says Specialist Coleman, "is that you can never tell when you get up in the morning what is going to happen." And sometimes before he can find out what is going to happen he has to lay a million dollars on the line.

the fact that Row had already released his secretary and cleaned out his desk to retire. When everyone at Chrysler clammed up and no further explanation seemed forthcoming, Detroit went busily to work to try to find a solution to the mystery.

One speculation was that Newberg had been caught in unauthorized negotiations with American Motors' President George Romney about a Chrysler-Rambler merger. Romney promptly denied it. Chrysler Stockholder and Chief Gadfly Sol Dann (TIME, May 21) hinted to reporters about shady dealings within the company, fired off a telegram to the Chrysler directors, requesting them to "name the certain corporate policies upon which they differed, and specify which of these men was attempting to correct or remove any acts of corruption." Chrysler's reply: "No comment."

At week's end the fog of mystery began to lift: insiders whispered that a conflict of interests in Chrysler's purchasing policies had brought about Newberg's sudden exit from the presidency. But as for details, most of Chrysler's management, along with everyone else, was still being kept in the dark.

RAILROADS

The Popular Stockholders

Stockholders of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad were as popular last week as a fare cut to commuters. Three weeks ago the money-making Chesapeake & Ohio Railway offered to buy 80% of the B. & O.'s stock, and won the blessing of B. & O.'s management. Last week the New York Central Railroad, afraid of such a merger, which would create the second largest railroad in the U.S. and make competitive life hard for the Central, also made a move to woo B. & O. stockholders. It said it wants to acquire 60% of the common stock.

On the face of it, the Central's seemed the better offer: an exchange of 1½ shares of Central stock plus \$9 in cash for each share of B. & O. common stock. Total value: \$42.65, some \$7 more than the C. & O. offered. But the Central is paying no dividends, while the C. & O. has paid dividends all but two years since 1880, currently pays \$4 per share. The C. & O., which had guessed down to the dollar how far the Central would go to top its offer, is counting on its sound financial position and dividend prospects to impress B. & O. stockholders more than the Central's bait. The B. & O. itself is heavily in debt, running in the red, and putting forth meager dividends. Thus, it stands to gain from a merger.

Wall Streeters doubted whether the Central offer was good enough to gain control of the B. & O. But it seemed good enough to block the C. & O.'s effort to get 80% of the B. & O. stock—and blocking the C. & O. is New York Central President Alfred E. Perlman's immediate objective. If a major proxy fight ensues, the much-wounded B. & O. stockholders will be in a position to pick and choose—or to force



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BBC'S WHITE CITY TELEVISION CENTER
Can its kind of crime be made to pay?

the Central and C. & O. to talk compromise terms with one another. Railroadmen felt that the two competitors might not really be very far apart: Perlman's publicly stated aim is a three-way merger of the Central, C. & O. and B. & O., and more than one railroadman believes that is exactly what the C. & O.'s canny president, Walter J. Tuohy, is ultimately after too.

BUSINESS ABROAD

Auntie Steps Out

What Hollywood did in the '20s and '30s for the cinema, White City could do in the '60s and '70s for television," trumpeted London's *Sunday Express* proudly. "White City" in this context means the British Broadcasting Corp.'s new TV headquarters, and not the nearby White City stadium, where England's eager bettors wager millions on the greyhounds. BBC's half-finished complex of glass and brick is the largest TV factory in the world and even includes a studio that can be flooded to create a lake set. It represents a \$45 million bet that the state-chartered, viewer-financed (for an annual fee of \$11.20 per set owner) BBC-TV can crack U.S. domination of world TV markets.

Of the 60-odd nations with TV today, only Britain is in a position to rival the U.S. in filling the screens day in and day out with its own products (even if a lot of American fare is served up to British audiences). Up to now the U.S. has largely monopolized the world market for TV reruns, partly because 80% of all U.S. prime-time shows are recorded before showing, hence are readily exportable, while some 92% of BBC-TV originates live. White City's building complex is fittingly shaped in the form of a question mark. And the question to be answered is: What chance has BBC-TV to grab a share of the lucrative rerun market?

Bilko & Como. BBC, after all, was ahead of the U.S. in beginning public television back in 1936. But BBC's drawback in program making has always been, in the words of one English critic, its automatic recoil from "any program that will seriously annoy the Church of England, the Royal Family, the three serv-

ices, the British Medical Association or the Law Society." It enjoyed a monopoly in British radio broadcasting for 33 years, during which its Oxford-accented air of uplift earned the BBC the fond, but not too fond, nickname "Auntie." Five years ago, along came commercial TV. The Tory government created the privately owned Independent Television Authority to give Auntie competition. With a zest for controversy and no qualms about serving up popular fare (much of it made in America), ITV quickly grabbed up 72% of Britain's viewers in the areas it served. The BBC took heed, and Auntie began to use lipstick and to take cha cha lessons.

One of those most responsible for bringing Auntie up to date was BBC News Director Hugh Carlton Greene, 49 (brother of Novelist Graham Greene), who this year became director general of the BBC. BBC-TV worked to live up its prime evening shows (keeping, however, 35% of them "serious" as always), even bought U.S. TV packages such as *Sergeant Bilko* and *Perry Como*, both of which proved immensely popular. The result: BBC-TV is gradually winning some of its old audiences back from ITV, now regularly gets a 39% viewership, often clobbers ITV on covering news events.

Family Affair. For its first try in the world rerun market, BBC-TV is riding on *The Third Man* series, based loosely on the adventures of Harry Lime—so loosely in fact, that Novelist Graham Greene, who wrote the original screenplay, has sternly dissociated himself from his kid brother's serial. Though *The Third Man* got a lukewarm critical reception in London, it has been bought for \$1,500,000 (recouping the production cost) by Budweiser and Rheingold beers, will be shown on U.S. screens this fall. Another sales success: a Canadian Mountie series, snapped up by 20 U.S. cities the first week it was shown. Coming soon: a crime series based on Simonon's Inspector Maigret. Meanwhile ITV, far from dawdling on its domestic dillies, is cranking up its own shows for export to the U.S. (*Robin Hood* is an ITV series already seen on American screens).

The British are also trying in another subtle way to increase U.S. usage of Brit-

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ish programs. No more than 14% of all programs carried on the BBC and ITV can now originate outside the Commonwealth. U.S. network men in London and New York have been told privately that the quota will become even stiffer unless U.S. broadcasters buy more British programs. Just as the foreign market has long since become the profit margin for Hollywood movies, the British rerun is sometimes the difference between profit and loss for U.S. programs. For example, CBS is inching into the black on *Sergeant Bilko* thanks to BBC payments.

The BBC has a special reason of its own for wanting to sell its TV output abroad. BBC's license comes up for renewal in 1962, and a third British network, due to begin after 1964, is up for grabs. The BBC will have no trouble getting its own license extended, but it would also like to be awarded the new network franchise. Only if it can prove itself competitive against front-running ITV in revenue as well as quality will it have much of a chance.

AVIATION

The Embattled Farmer

No U.S. Navy planes had prouder records in World War II than those made by Grumman Aircraft—the Wildcat and Hellcat fighters and the Avenger torpedo bomber. After the Battle of Savo Island, James Forrestal, then Under Secretary of the Navy, declared flatly: "Grumman saved Guadalcanal." In the Battle of the Marianas, which pilots called "the turkey shoot," they downed 360 Japanese planes in a single day, the record bag of the war.

Grumman not only turned out rugged planes that, riddled with holes, brought pilots safely home, but it turned them out fast. Its production boss was brusque and burly Leon ("Jake") Swirbul. Under his prodding, the Grumman plant, amid the potato fields of Long Island, N.Y., had more the atmosphere of the front line than of a factory. It turned out more than 17,000 aircraft for the Navy, in March 1945 produced 658, a record for a single month. As executive vice president, Swirbul shared a small, unpretentious office with President Leroy ("Roy") Grumman. Working in shirtsleeves, Jake and Roy eschewed the usual trappings of executive life, called themselves "the embattled farmers," and always kept their office door open to all employees.

What the Navy Needed. When the U.S. entered the war, a Navy officer called on Swirbul to tell him the plant would have to expand. Swirbul pulled out his blueprints. "We are," he said. The Navy man offered him help on getting steel priorities. Replied Swirbul: "I've got steel." He had bought up the scrap when Manhattan's Second Avenue El was razed.

Swirbul liked to exhibit Navy axes to the workers, and while doing so pick up tips on how to make better fighting planes. Lieut. Commander Edward ("Butch") O'Hare (five Japanese bombers shot down and another crippled in a single engagement) visited the plant, talked of the



GRUMMAN'S SWIRBUL
Workers on the assembly line wept.

need for a bigger, faster, more heavily armed fighter. Swirbul listened attentively. Within seven months the F6F Hellcat was rolling off the production line, the first U.S. fighter designed after Pearl Harbor to get into action.

Swirbul was constantly thinking up schemes to raise morale and lower absenteeism. He set up a "green truck" service to cruise the parking lot and change flat tires. Later, when Grumman Aircraft employed 8,000 women, many of them housewives, the green trucks would run errands for them, check to see if the windows were down in their homes and the iron turned off. He built baseball diamonds, organized a band to play for dancing at lunchtime. To promote a company spirit, Swirbul set up a bonus system based not on individual performance, but on the plant's total output. Grumman employees—from janitor to junior executives—collected bonuses that ranged as high as 30% of their annual salaries.

Victory Cutbacks. After V-J Day, when the big cutbacks came, Swirbul was forced to lay off the entire working force of 25,500. He hired back a nucleus of 3,500. Although Grumman Aircraft's sales dropped from \$236,846,861 in 1945 to only \$37,615,540 the next year, the company—unlike most of the rest of the industry—made a profit.

After Swirbul moved up to the presidency in 1946, the company diversified into boats, missiles and space engineering. But Swirbul's main business remained aircraft—90% for the military. Grumman's gross last year was \$288,978,628—second only to the peak year of 1944.

The hard pace took its toll on Jake Swirbul. Last week, at 62, weakened by cancer and stricken with pneumonia, he died. When Board Chairman Roy Grumman announced the news over the plant public-address system, there were workers on the assembly line who wept.

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MILESTONES

Born. To Philip Lang Crosby, 25, one of Bing's balladeer boys, and Sandra Jo Drummond, 21, onetime Las Vegas showgirl: their second child, first son, the Groaner's fourth grandchild (one adopted); in Los Angeles.

Marriage Revealed. Mamadou Dia, 49, Premier of the Republic of Senegal and Vice President of the Federation of Mali; and Salaam Murad, 33, a Lebanese white schoolteacher; he for the second time, she for the first; in Beirut on June 15 in a proxy wedding (Dia's representative: Senegalese Finance Minister Mas Bokani).

Divorced. Françoise Sagan (born Quirez), 25, France's slick novelist of disillusioned sex; and Publishing Executive Guy Schoeller, 44; after two years of marriage, no children; in Paris.

Died. Leon A. Swirbul, 62, a founder and president since 1946 of Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corp., whose morale-boosting labor policies helped the company, with its Wildcat and Hellcat fighters, lead the industry in World War II combat-plane production; of pneumonia while ill with cancer; in Manhattan (see BUSINESS).

Died. Harry Pollitt, 69, a founder of the British Communist Party in 1920, who served as its general secretary from 1929 (except for a two-year downgrading following the 1939 Russo-German pact) until 1956, when, as a Stalinist, he was kicked upstairs to the party chairmanship; of a stroke; at sea off Australia.

Died. Gene Fowler, 70, flamboyant boss-writer for flamboyant figures; of a heart attack; in Los Angeles. Fowler's *Timberline* (1933), a classic for sentimental journalists, told the story of the Denver Post and its rascally bosses, Fred Bonifis and Harry Tammen; *The Great Mouthpiece* was a lurid biography of a lurid, turn-of-the-century lawyer; and *Good Night, Sweet Prince* loyally and lovingly concentrated as much on John Barrymore's peccadilloes as on his superb acting.

Died. Mathilda Elizabeth Frelinghuysen Davis Lodge, 85, widow of Poet George Cabot Lodge and the mother of U.S. Representative to the United Nations Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. and U.S. Ambassador to Spain John Davis Lodge, whom she raised in the home of her grandfather, U.S. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge Sr.; after a long illness; in Washington, D.C.

Died. Lucy Madeira Wing, 87, founder in 1906 and headmistress for 51 years of suburban Washington's prim and academically rigorous Madeira School for girls, a New Dealer who hoped that well-supported public schools (maximum size of classes: 15) would eventually supersede her own "economic royalist" Madeira-type institution; after a stroke; in Washington, D.C.

Love Letters to Rambler



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BOOKS

Legend of a Giant

THOMAS WOLFE (441 pp.)—Elizabeth Nowell—Doubleday (\$5.95).

Going up that river was like traveling back to the earliest beginnings of the world, when vegetation rioted on the earth and the big trees were kings.

—Joseph Conrad

Thomas Wolfe was an undisciplined, ungovernable American Conrad whose sea was the land of his birth. His words, seeking "to find language again in its primitive sinews," rioted onto paper in millions, growing out of him, over him, and sometimes beyond him. In the West a few years before he died, he saw a sequoia for the first time. He stared upward for a moment in unbelieving silence, then ran to the big tree, his long arms stretched wide. It was a boyish gesture, but this man of 35 still believed that he might draw into his embrace the biggest thing that lived.

He strode along in his size 13 shoes, embarrassed by his 6-ft. 6-in., 240-lb. frame, carrying his eccentricities with him until fame had transformed them into legend. He seldom washed, changed his shirt

he reached to the ceiling with a black crayon and wrote: "Merry Christmas to all my friends and love from Tom."

This first full-scale biography of Wolfe, by the late Elizabeth Nowell, his literary agent who four years ago edited an impressive collection of his letters, overflows with the portrait of an overflowing man.

Mother & Son. She writes economically about his early years in Asheville, N.C., where his mother kept a boarding house called the Old Kentucky Home, his father ran a marble yard, and each parent occupied a separate dwelling. Wolfe's seven brothers and sisters drifted aimlessly back and forth between the two, sleeping where they pleased; but the youngest child stayed with his mother. A little boy with long curls, Thomas Clayton Wolfe was not weaned until he was 3½, and slept beside his mother until he was "a great big boy." All this is background for the two main relationships in the novelist's adult life: his six-year, mother-son love affair with a married woman nearly twice his age, and his eight-year, father-son working partnership with Editor Maxwell Perkins of Scribner.

Mrs. Aline Bernstein, who became Esther Jack in *The Web and the Rock* and *You Can't Go Home Again*, did have a husband, although the biography skips by him in one hurried sentence. Theodore Bernstein looked away while his wife entered wholeheartedly into a love affair with the 25-year-old Wolfe, set him up in a studio on Manhattan's Eighth Street, cooked gourmet meals for him while he wrote, helped add to the slim support he was getting from his mother and from his teaching job at New York University, and above all gave him the sort of encouragement he needed to produce *Look Homeward, Angel*. Wolfe was an oppressive lover. He was sickly jealous, perhaps fearful that he might be counter-cuckolded by Bernstein, and so boorish that he constantly called her "my Jew" and made such entries in his diary as "Met Jew at 11:00." When he eventually cut himself off from her because he thought that the affair was stifling his career, she wrote him letters signed in her own blood and even attempted suicide.

Father & Son. What Aline could not do for his career, Scribner's famed Maxwell Perkins did. The editor trotted to keep up with him on extravagant walks (the 6½ miles completely around Manhattan's Central Park), sat evening after evening drinking with him at the Chatham Walk, where Wolfe could feel the rumble of his beloved trains from the New York Central tracks beneath Park Avenue, and above all shaped Wolfe's raw, spontaneous, poetic prose into *Look Homeward, Angel*. In time he became alarmed as Wolfe's great fungus of words threatened to expand beyond control. Once, Perkins asked him to write a brief description of the hero's reaction to his father's death, and Wolfe came back within hours with thousands of words on the life history of

the doctor who attended the father's final illness. Eventually, with Wolfe cursing and threatening, Perkins decided to take the manuscript away from him (it was packed in crates). Otherwise, *Of Time and the River* might never have been published.

When Wolfe left Scribner in 1937, breaking with the man and the firm that had accompanied him to eminence, he said it was for ideological reasons: Perkins would not let him graft his passing romance with Marxism onto the surface of his novels. But Biographer Nowell insists on a different reason: Critic Bernard



BERNSTEIN & PERKINS
The web and the rock.

or had a haircut; he could live for hours, even days, on cigarettes and coal black coffee, then eat twelve eggs, two quarts of milk and an entire loaf of bread in one breakfast. Wild-eyed and forever talking with all the intensity of his written prose, he sprayed everyone in range with reservoirs of spittle from the corners of his mouth. Some thought him ludicrous, but thousands worshiped the ground his feet never quite touched. Sooner or later he accused all his friends of tormenting him, but he needed them badly, and once, at a party in his new Manhattan apartment,



THOMAS WOLFE & MOTHER
Look homeward, angel.

De Voto had written that the novelist lacked the critical faculty essential to any complete artist, and was merely a collaborator with Perkins on the Scribner "assembly line." Wolfe cut himself free to prove that he could go it on his own. He died of brain tuberculosis four months after submitting a 1,000,000-word manuscript to his new editor at Harper's, who sliced it up to make *The Web and the Rock*, *You Can't Go Home Again*, and a book of short stories. In this last torrent of words, the influence of Maxwell Perkins seems badly wanting.

Authentic and painstaking, Elizabeth Nowell's biography has some deficiencies: it takes Wolfe and his self-appraisals at face value (a risky faith); she gives too much space to business detail of publishing; she is repetitive. But the biography is charged with unforgettable vignettes—Wolfe absorbing the black scowls of Adolf Hitler as he whoops hoarsely for Negro Jesse Owens at the 1936 Berlin Olympics; complaining that "I can always find plenty of women to sleep with but the kind of woman that is really hard for me to find is a typist who can read my writing"; stuffing his ears with cotton for days after visiting the house of Beethoven



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and being reminded of the composer's deafness; walking up 40th Street under Writer Nancy Hale's window chanting "I wrote 10,000 words today"; and finally, lying dead in Maryland, survived by the ringing fact that nowhere in the region could a coffin be found that was big enough for Thomas Wolfe.

Mixed Fiction

CEREMONY IN LONE TREE, by Wright Morris (304 pp.; Atheneum: \$4), is set in the barren Nebraska plains country, where the author stalks his favorite game—the "Sears Roebuck Gothic." Midwesterners with souls imprisoned like "buzzing flies" in "God's cocoon." Morris has been compared variously to Sherwood Anderson, F. Scott Fitzgerald, even Mickey Spillane, but in this, his 13th book, he sounds more like a kind of slick-paper Nathaniel West, with that gifted writer's savage humor. His story is wired to the tangled nerve ends of the collection of oddballs and misfits who stumbled in unrelieved bewilderment through *The Field of Vision*, including a sagging, dyspeptic housewife who stands weeping on varicose-veined legs over the kitchen sink lamenting the candy-box sweetheart she never was, and her father, a mad old man of 90 who sits alone in a ghost town reliving the Death Valley days and Indian burials he never saw. Morris employs a vocabulary of extravagant and irritating symbolism; the characters ruminate at length about the "prison of their past," but Novelist Morris never makes clear who held the keys or who locked the door.

THE MAGICIAN OF LUBLIN, by Isaac Bashevis Singer (246 pp.; Noonday: \$3.50), is a tender, philosophical tale about Yasha Mazur, who makes his living in the circuses and theaters of 19th century Poland. He can skate on the high wire, eat fire, swallow swords, open any safe or lock (if Yasha had chosen crime they said in Lublin, no one's house would be safe), and, above all, charm any woman. Blithely, he considers himself neither Jew nor gentile: there is a Supreme Being he decides, but one who reveals himself to no one and gives no indication of what is permitted or forbidden. As in his previous books and plays, Polish-born Author Singer delights in superstitious trappings—dybbuks, devils and such imps of Satan as the foul Dog of Egypt, who struggles with the Hound of Heaven for Yasha's soul. But there is little mystical murkiness in Singer's writing; it has a clean and sun-washed optimism, a sense of human uncertainty in the face of divine certainty, which Jewish Philosopher Martin Buber has described as "holy insecurity."

WATCHER IN THE SHADOWS, by Geoffrey Household (248 pp.; Atlantic-Little, Brown: \$3.95), is one of those controlled British exercises in suspense in which the imminence of death seems as natural as the call of a thrush. An old man-hunt expert, Author Household (*Rogue Male*, *A Rough Shoot*) this time offers a killer who stalks a zoologist, an Austrian anti-

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Nazi who served as a British agent in World War II. The zoologist lives as a contented, fortyish bachelor in a London suburb, but unfortunately for his bucolic peace of mind, he has spent some time in Buchenwald as a British spy successfully masquerading as a Gestapo captain. Naturally, the vengeful killer does not know this, knows only that he has a score to wipe out with a Nazi. If the characters seem led rather than driven, the details of the man hunt are always in sure hands, and it is plain that after all these years suspense is still a Household word.

American as She Is Spoke

DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN SLANG (669 pp.)—Compiled by Harold Wentworth and Stuart Berg Flexner—Crowell (\$7.50).

Webster is a moldy fig. For all its scholarship, the supposedly unabridged dictionary (600,000 entries) gives hardly a hint that the American language is in the grip of a permanent revolution. The Websterian ideal of language as a careful garden of hardy perennials and occasional exotics, cultivated by a corps of devoted lexicographers, is consistently challenged by a weedy invasion of the vulgar. Professors may still protest, but the public—and most authorities—tends to silence them. Says one philologist: "It was once thought that most slang came from the underworld, but nowadays a great deal of it comes from the average middle-class types who belong to golf clubs and bridge clubs and like to go skindiving."

Remarkably enough, there have been few really satisfactory dictionaries of American slang. H. L. Mencken made his prodigious contribution (*The American Language*), and Lester Berrey and Melvin Van den Bark produced their useful but not fundamental compendium (*The American Thesaurus of Slang*). Standing up well against the competition, Dr. Harold Wentworth, editor of the *American Dialect Dictionary*, and Stuart Berg Flexner, Cornell and University of Louisville philologist, have produced a handy, invaluable reference work that may well emerge as the standard in the field. In short, the authors have done a remarkably fly and dicky job.

Sitzfleisch & Fen. Inevitably, the book has faults. The authors might have been more critical of some sources and more revealing in etymology. For instance, no attempt is made to trace the origin of that wonder word "viggerish." There are other omissions; how did they ever miss such expressions as *on the q.t.*, *go pound sand* (meaning "The hell with you, bub!"), *sitzfleisch* (perseverance), *penobscot* (falsie), *fen* (well known to every boy who ever played marbles), *screech* (roigue), or that masterpiece of imaginative profanity, the *blivit* (a term of personal description usually defined as "10 lbs. of --- in a 5-lb. bag")?

But if some readers will regret that the book is selective rather than complete—according to Author Flexner, only 8,000 words are listed out of a possible 45,000

—they will probably agree that the selections in most cases are shrewd and useful. The authors have worked both sides of the street in every major slang-producing area—advertising, journalism, sports, show business, politics, Wall Street, the underworld, the armed forces, teen-agers, jazz musicians, racial minorities and Texas. The contributions from Negro and Yiddish slang are particularly striking. Prudes may be disturbed by the volume of sexual references, but there is a fascination about the many different, often unlikely contexts in which sexual terms are employed in American slang.

Org & Carnese. The book contains skaty-eight appendices that are really zooly. Items: a list of more than 300 synonyms for being drunk, from *alkied* to *zigzag*; a children's bathroom vocabulary

(*boom-boom to wee-wee*); a hilarious list of improper nouns (*drygoodsteria, shinatorium, baby-sittree*); and a fascinating analysis of back slang (*yob=boy*), rhyming slang (plates of meat=feet), and the so-called "little languages" (Fig Latin, Pelf Latin, Grec, Na, Skimono jive, Ong, Carnese and Tutnee).

"Most American slang," Author Flexner states categorically, "is created and used by males . . . Women have very little of their own slang." If that generalization is true, U.S. males deserve vast credit. To judge from this volume, the slang-fed American language is a prodigiously vital and unremitting thing, a glorious mess of ramstuginous kafooster that may sometimes have to be put to bed with a shovel but is always and invariably ready for Freddie.

FROM ABE'S CABE TO ZOOLY A Slang Sampler

Abe's cabe (*jive*)—a \$5 bill
bean gun (*World War II*)—mobile kitchen
bullskate (*Negro*)—to brag
carry the difference (*underworld*)—to carry a gun
chalk player—horseplayer who bets favorites
crawk (*radio*)—animal imitator
dace—2¢
dicty (*Negro*)—high-class, stylish
eight-rock (*Negro*)—a very black Negro
finif (*Yiddish*)—\$5
flogger (*underworld; archaic*)—overcoat
fly—alert, knowing
frisig—silly girl
fuzz (*underworld*)—police
gate (*swing*)—good musician
geets—money
ginch—woman
grandma (*truckers' talk*)—low gear
hair bag—oldtimer who endlessly reminisces
hell-west-and-crooked—much askew
high high—uppy girl
hinky (*Negro*)—snobbish
house larry (*clothing-store cant*)—a customer who is not buying, just looking
hub cap (*hot-rod jargon*)—conceited type
kafooster—confusing talk
labonzo—posterior
lay chickie (*teen-age-gang talk*)—to act as lookout
left-foot—a Protestant
long underwear (*Jazz*)—Sweet and corny music
luck out—to get killed
lug in—to run a horse closer and closer to the rail
make—to recognize
mayvin (*Yiddish clothing-store cant*)—a know-it-all customer
moke (*Negro*)—a Negro

moldy fig (*jive*)—a pedant
moll buzzer (*underworld*)—thief who preys on women
mop (*Negro*)—the final result
mulligrubs—the blues
nerf (*hot-rod jargon*)—to push with another car
nervous pudding—gelatin dessert
niff-naw (*Scotch-Irish dialect*)—argument
oontz (*gambler's gab*)—the game of craps; to crowd, push or force
pinochle season (*garment-district slang*)—the slack season
press the bricks (*lumberjack language*)—to loaf
quetch (*from Yiddish*)—to nag
ramstuginous—severe, wild, vicious
ready for Freddie (*from comic strip*)—Li'l Abner; ready for anything
red-light (*carnival*)—to murder by throwing off a moving train
schmendrick (*Yiddish*)—a clumsy jerk
schlub, schloomp (*Yiddish*)—second-rate
scouse—beef stew without the beef
shovel, to be put to bed with a—to be so drunk one must be assisted home
skaty-eight—forty-seven
skygodlin—slantwise
sneez (*underworld*)—kidnap
snug (*underworld*)—small concealed gun
Spanish athlete—a bull thrower
strictly union (*swing*)—corny jazz
tapped out—broke
tinge—salesman of shoddy goods
tzuris (*Yiddish*)—chronic misfortune
viggerish—profit from an illegal deal
whinnick—to renege
yentz (*from Yiddish*)—to cheat
zagger (*jewelry-store jargon*)—cheap watch
zooly (*rock 'n' roll*)—excellent, satisfying

TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Psycho. Perhaps overly gruesome and directed with an unusually heavy hand, this Hitchcock thriller nevertheless adds up to an expertly Gothic nightmare.

The Story of Ruth. The Old Testament's four brief chapters are souped up, padded out and somehow made into a movie that is commendably unepic.

Man in a Cocked Hat. Gap-toothed, numbingly British Comic Terry-Thomas, aided by Peter Sellers and Thorley Walters, launches a satirical spittball at the British Foreign Office in this hilarious spoof of the lost art of statecraft.

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (French). What could have been a conventional *Brief Encounter* sort of romance is turned into an intensely moving, if occasionally slow, cinematic poem, largely thanks to its Hiroshima setting, where yesterday's nightmare mingles with the irresistible charms of newly growing life.

I'm All Right, Jack. Peter Sellers with a crew of top comic accomplices romps through England's "farewell state" satirically rapping both labor and management.

The Apartment. Producer-Director Billy Wilder (*Some Like It Hot*) scores again in this rousing funny, pointed tale of a junior executive (Jack Lemmon) who permits his licentious bosses to use his Manhattan pad like a midtown motel. With Shirley MacLaine.

Bells Are Ringing. Judy Holliday's extraordinary, effortless comic talents accomplish what Hollywood's \$3,000,000 alone could not—they turn this mediocre musical into a solid success.

Dreams. Director Ingmar Bergman's bright satire pits cunning, confident women against despondent, demoralized men; the outcome is hardly surprising.

TELEVISION

Wed., July 6

Reckoning (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).* *Reckoning of Calculated Risk*, starring John Casavetes and E. G. Marshall. A pair of federal tax agents find their investigation of a business firm complicated by its devious president (Conrad Nagel), a chief executive (Warner Anderson) and his pretty daughter (Mona Freeman).

Thurs., July 7

CBS Reports (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Pundit Walter Lippmann makes his first television appearance in a broad, blunt discussion, with Interviewer Howard K. Smith, of Presidents, politics and peevish.

Wrangler (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). Tennessee Ernie Ford's summer replacement is a nomadic cowpoke named Pitcairn (Jason Evers).

Adventure Theater (CBS, 10-10:30 p.m.). Thomas Mitchell plays a bespectacled bank teller who embezzles his wife's grocery budget to finance his flight to a palm-studded Pacific paradise. First of a new summer series.

Fri., July 8

Moment of Fear (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). In *Conjure Wife*, first installment of a live suspense series, three overly ambitious

* All times E.D.T.

wives resort to the supernatural to further their husbands' lagging careers.

Sat., July 9

Miss Universe Pageant (CBS, 10:30 p.m. to midnight). Legs, legs, legs in Miami Beach, watched by Arthur Godfrey.

Sun., July 10

Johns Hopkins File 7 (ABC, 12:30-1 p.m.). In "The Desert World," Robert Neathery, director of Philadelphia's Franklin Museum, discusses life on Mars.

Music on Ice (NBC, 8-9 p.m.). Singer Johnny Desmond and figure-skating friends in a low-temperature variety show.

Mon., July 11

All-Star Baseball Game (NBC, 2:45 p.m.). From Kansas City.

Democratic National Convention. All three networks report the opening ceremonies and Senator Frank Church's keynote speech. CBS, 8 p.m. to midnight; NBC, 8:30-11:15 p.m.; ABC, on occasion.

Tues., July 12

Convention (Contd.). Business session, including a platform-committee report. CBS, 7 p.m.-1 a.m.; NBC, 7:30-11:15 p.m.; ABC, on occasion.

THEATER

On Broadway

Bye Bye Birdie. Rock 'n' rollers of the unsilent generation turn this musical about a pompadoured, gold-jacketed crooner into one of the season's best, least pretentious musicals.

Fiorello! Director George Abbott keeps this affectionate, musical memoir as lively as the comic strips the Little Flower used to read over the radio.

West Side Story. In this bustling revival, the dances by Director-Choreographer Jerome Robbins and the score by Leonard Bernstein still add up to the fanciest rumble ever seen around the sidewalks of New York.

The Miracle Worker. Memorable acting by Patty Duke and Anne Bancroft transform a somewhat disorganized script into a touching, eloquent chronicle of Helen Keller's childish groping for courage and skill to face a sightless life.

The Tenth Man. Paddy Chayefsky's engaging allegory explores ancient Jewish mysticism for guidance in solving a spiritual problem of the present.

Toys in the Attic. Three women struggle to keep their lap dog—an engaging but spineless ne'er-do-well (Jason Robards Jr.) whose sudden change of fortune gives him strength to slip the leash.

Off Broadway

The Prodigal. Youthful Playwright Jack Richardson turns the Orestes legend into a brilliantly mocking and modern fable.

The Balcony. With acidulous understatement, Playwright Jean Genet divides the world's population into whores and their clients as he tries to prove in this ironic comedy that a house is not only a home but the whole world.

Little Mary Sunshine. The most successful off-Broadway production in years is a Western-accented parody of vintage operetta, a kind of *Die Rockymus* telling *Tales of the Boulder Woods*.

BOOKS

Best Reading

Robert Frost: The Trial by Existence. by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant. A scrapbook of the poet's life—letters, poems, reviews, Christmas cards and conversation—painstakingly collected by an old friend.

Merry Monarch. by Hesketh Pearson. In a highly entertaining study, Biographer Pearson (*Oscar Wilde*) insists that, for all the debauchery in the life of Charles II, the madcap monarch was also a witty, wily, effective politician and a determined architect of a prosperous England.

Daughters and Rebels. by Jessica Mitford. A lively, partly autobiographical study of the Mitford sisters who, like a sextet of disenchanted princesses, haunted the '30s by marrying various men and ideologies, and showing Britain's aristocracy in conflict with history and with itself.

Memoir of the Bobotes. by Joyce Cary. Written when the future novelist was a young man and still three decades away from literary greatness, this unpretentious collection of notes about a half-forgotten Balkan war is nevertheless rich with observed truth about arms and the man.

Felix Frankfurter Reminisces. recorded in talks with Dr. Harlan B. Phillips. A great jurist's informal recollections make for a stimulating source of Americana.

Art and Argyrol. by William Schack. The entertaining biography of Albert Barnes, self-made millionaire and self-made ogre, who bought paintings by the boatload but found his greatest joy in thumbing his nose at the world.

Saint-Exupéry. by Marcel Migeon. In a too-worshipful biography, the reader meets the aristocrat, daredevil pilot and eloquent writer who was probably the century's first true poet of the air.

Born Free. by Joy Adamson. Even readers who do not dig cats should enjoy this remarkable, engaging account of how the author—rivaling Androcles—managed to turn a lioness into a household tabby.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **The Leopard.** Di Lampedusa (3)*
2. **Advise and Consent.** Drury (2)
3. **Hawaii.** Michener (1)
4. **The Affair.** Snow (4)
5. **The Chapman Report.** Wallace (8)
6. **The Constant Image.** Davenport (7)
7. **The View from the Fortieth Floor.** White
8. **The Lincoln Lords.** Hawley (5)
9. **Trustee from the Toolroom.** Shute (6)
10. **A Distant Trumpet.** Horgan (9)

NONFICTION

1. **May This House Be Safe from Tigers.** King (1)
2. **Born Free.** Adamson (4)
3. **I Kid You Not.** Paar (3)
4. **Folk Medicine.** Jarvis (2)
5. **The Night They Burned the Mountain.** Dooley (7)
6. **Mr. Citizen.** Truman (9)
7. **Felix Frankfurter Reminisces.** Frankfurter with Phillips (8)
8. **The Enemy Within.** Kennedy (6)
9. **The Good Years.** Lord
10. **The Law and the Profits.** Parkinson (5)

* Position on last week's list.

CAROL AMES WEDS

In a lovely ceremony at
St. Andrews Church,
Carol Ames became Mrs. [unclear]



MAKING NEWS IS OUR BUSINESS—You'd be surprised at how often Continental Assurance figures in the news. On the front page and in those little human-interest items you find in the back sections. • *Case in point:* A pretty bride. A Continental Assurance policy sent her to college where she met her new husband. He has a low-cost Continental Assurance Group policy where he works—Carol will be protected by it, as will their youngsters, in the years ahead. And a Continental Life policy will shelter this new family unit as it grows. • Yes, Continental Assurance makes news by bringing uncomplicated insurance to millions of people—as groups or individuals. Talk Continental with your insurance consultant . . . your friend. You'll like what you hear.

Over \$6 Billion
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H. P. STANWOOD, General Agent.

GOING EAST.			Time in Effect May 8, 1876.			GOING WEST.			GOING EAST.			Time in Effect May 8, 1876.			GOING WEST.		
Engt.	Arrive P.M.	Leave	STATIONS.			Pacific Exp.	Engt.	Arrive P.M.	Engt.	Arrive P.M.	Leave	STATIONS.			Pacific Exp.	Engt.	Arrive P.M.
8.00	9.10	9.15	SAN FRANCISCO AT			8.00	9.10	9.15	8.00	9.10	9.15	SAN FRANCISCO AT			8.00	9.10	9.15
8.10	9.20	9.25	Oakland			8.10	9.20	9.25	8.10	9.20	9.25	Oakland			8.10	9.20	9.25
8.20	9.30	9.35	San Jose			8.20	9.30	9.35	8.20	9.30	9.35	San Jose			8.20	9.30	9.35
8.30	9.40	9.45	Hayward			8.30	9.40	9.45	8.30	9.40	9.45	Hayward			8.30	9.40	9.45
8.40	9.50	9.55	Livermore			8.40	9.50	9.55	8.40	9.50	9.55	Livermore			8.40	9.50	9.55
8.50	10.00	10.05	Contra Costa			8.50	10.00	10.05	8.50	10.00	10.05	Contra Costa			8.50	10.00	10.05
9.00	10.10	10.15	Stockton			9.00	10.10	10.15	9.00	10.10	10.15	Stockton			9.00	10.10	10.15
9.10	10.20	10.25	SACRAMENTO			9.10	10.20	10.25	9.10	10.20	10.25	SACRAMENTO			9.10	10.20	10.25
9.20	10.30	10.35	Yuba City			9.20	10.30	10.35	9.20	10.30	10.35	Yuba City			9.20	10.30	10.35
9.30	10.40	10.45	Wichita Falls			9.30	10.40	10.45	9.30	10.40	10.45	Wichita Falls			9.30	10.40	10.45
9.40	10.50	10.55	Dallas			9.40	10.50	10.55	9.40	10.50	10.55	Dallas			9.40	10.50	10.55
9.50	11.00	11.05	Fort Worth			9.50	11.00	11.05	9.50	11.00	11.05	Fort Worth			9.50	11.00	11.05
10.00	11.10	11.15	St. Louis			10.00	11.10	11.15	10.00	11.10	11.15	St. Louis			10.00	11.10	11.15
10.10	11.20	11.25	St. Paul			10.10	11.20	11.25	10.10	11.20	11.25	St. Paul			10.10	11.20	11.25
10.20	11.30	11.35	Chicago			10.20	11.30	11.35	10.20	11.30	11.35	Chicago			10.20	11.30	11.35
10.30	11.40	11.45	New York			10.30	11.40	11.45	10.30	11.40	11.45	New York			10.30	11.40	11.45
10.40	11.50	11.55	Boston			10.40	11.50	11.55	10.40	11.50	11.55	Boston			10.40	11.50	11.55
10.50	12.00	12.05	Philadelphia			10.50	12.00	12.05	10.50	12.00	12.05	Philadelphia			10.50	12.00	12.05
11.00	12.10	12.15	Washington			11.00	12.10	12.15	11.00	12.10	12.15	Washington			11.00	12.10	12.15
11.10	12.20	12.25	Richmond			11.10	12.20	12.25	11.10	12.20	12.25	Richmond			11.10	12.20	12.25
11.20	12.30	12.35	Harrisburg			11.20	12.30	12.35	11.20	12.30	12.35	Harrisburg			11.20	12.30	12.35
11.30	12.40	12.45	Baltimore			11.30	12.40	12.45	11.30	12.40	12.45	Baltimore			11.30	12.40	12.45
11.40	12.50	12.55	New York			11.40	12.50	12.55	11.40	12.50	12.55	New York			11.40	12.50	12.55
11.50	13.00	13.05	Boston			11.50	13.00	13.05	11.50	13.00	13.05	Boston			11.50	13.00	13.05
12.00	13.10	13.15	Philadelphia			12.00	13.10	13.15	12.00	13.10	13.15	Philadelphia			12.00	13.10	13.15
12.10	13.20	13.25	Washington			12.10	13.20	13.25	12.10	13.20	13.25	Washington			12.10	13.20	13.25
12.20	13.30	13.35	Richmond			12.20	13.30	13.35	12.20	13.30	13.35	Richmond			12.20	13.30	13.35
12.30	13.40	13.45	Harrisburg			12.30	13.40	13.45	12.30	13.40	13.45	Harrisburg			12.30	13.40	13.45
12.40	13.50	13.55	Baltimore			12.40	13.50	13.55	12.40	13.50	13.55	Baltimore			12.40	13.50	13.55
12.50	14.00	14.05	New York			12.50	14.00	14.05	12.50	14.00	14.05	New York			12.50	14.00	14.05
13.00	14.10	14.15	Boston			13.00	14.10	14.15	13.00	14.10	14.15	Boston			13.00	14.10	14.15
13.10	14.20	14.25	Philadelphia			13.10	14.20	14.25	13.10	14.20	14.25	Philadelphia			13.10	14.20	14.25
13.20	14.30	14.35	Washington			13.20	14.30	14.35	13.20	14.30	14.35	Washington			13.20	14.30	14.35
13.30	14.40	14.45	Richmond			13.30	14.40	14.45	13.30	14.40	14.45	Richmond			13.30	14.40	14.45
13.40	14.50	14.55	Harrisburg			13.40	14.50	14.55	13.40	14.50	14.55	Harrisburg			13.40	14.50	14.55
13.50	15.00	15.05	Baltimore			13.50	15.00	15.05	13.50	15.00	15.05	Baltimore			13.50	15.00	15.05
14.00	15.10	15.15	New York			14.00	15.10	15.15	14.00	15.10	15.15	New York			14.00	15.10	15.15
14.10	15.20	15.25	Boston			14.10	15.20	15.25	14.10	15.20	15.25	Boston			14.10	15.20	15.25
14.20	15.30	15.35	Philadelphia			14.20	15.30	15.35	14.20	15.30	15.35	Philadelphia			14.20	15.30	15.35
14.30	15.40	15.45	Washington			14.30	15.40	15.45	14.30	15.40	15.45	Washington			14.30	15.40	15.45
14.40	15.50	15.55	Richmond			14.40	15.50	15.55	14.40	15.50	15.55	Richmond			14.40	15.50	15.55
14.50	16.00	16.05	Harrisburg			14.50	16.00	16.05	14.50	16.00	16.05	Harrisburg			14.50	16.00	16.05
15.00	16.10	16.15	Baltimore			15.00	16.10	16.15	15.00	16.10	16.15	Baltimore			15.00	16.10	16.15
15.10	16.20	16.25	New York			15.10	16.20	16.25	15.10	16.20	16.25	New York			15.10	16.20	16.25
15.20	16.30	16.35	Boston			15.20	16.30	16.35	15.20	16.30	16.35	Boston			15.20	16.30	16.35
15.30	16.40	16.45	Philadelphia			15.30	16.40	16.45	15.30	16.40	16.45	Philadelphia			15.30	16.40	16.45
15.40	16.50	16.55	Washington			15.40	16.50	16.55	15.40	16.50	16.55	Washington			15.40	16.50	16.55
15.50	17.00	17.05	Richmond			15.50	17.00	17.05	15.50	17.00	17.05	Richmond			15.50	17.00	17.05
16.00	17.10	17.15	Harrisburg			16.00	17.10	17.15	16.00	17.10	17.15	Harrisburg			16.00	17.10	17.15
16.10	17.20	17.25	Baltimore			16.10	17.20	17.25	16.10	17.20	17.25	Baltimore			16.10	17.20	17.25
16.20	17.30	17.35	New York			16.20	17.30	17.35	16.20	17.30	17.35	New York			16.20	17.30	17.35
16.30	17.40	17.45	Boston			16.30	17.40	17.45	16.30	17.40	17.45	Boston			16.30	17.40	17.45
16.40	17.50	17.55	Philadelphia			16.40	17.50	17.55	16.40	17.50	17.55	Philadelphia			16.40	17.50	17.55
16.50	18.00	18.05	Washington			16.50	18.00	18.05	16.50	18.00	18.05	Washington			16.50	18.00	18.05
17.00	18.10	18.15	Richmond			17.00	18.10	18.15	17.00	18.10	18.15	Richmond			17.00	18.10	18.15
17.10	18.20	18.25	Harrisburg			17.10	18.20	18.25	17.10	18.20	18.25	Harrisburg			17.10	18.20	18.25
17.20	18.30	18.35	Baltimore			17.20	18.30	18.35	17.20	18.30	18.35	Baltimore			17.20	18.30	18.35
17.30	18.40	18.45	New York			17.30	18.40	18.45	17.30	18.40	18.45	New York			17.30	18.40	18.45
17.40	18.50	18.55	Boston			17.40	18.50	18.55	17.40	18.50	18.55	Boston			17.40	18.50	18.55
17.50	19.00	19.05	Philadelphia			17.50	19.00	19.05	17.50	19.00	19.05	Philadelphia			17.50	19.00	19.05
18.00	19.10	19.15	Washington			18.00	19.10	19.15	18.00	19.10	19.15	Washington			18.00	19.10	19.15
18.10	19.20	19.25	Richmond			18.10	19.20	19.25	18.10	19.20	19.25	Richmond			18.10	19.20	19.25
18.20	19.30	19.35	Harrisburg			18.20	19.30	19.35	18.20	19.30	19.35	Harrisburg			18.20	19.30	19.35
18.30	19.40	19.45	Baltimore			18.30	19.40	19.45	18.30	19.40	19.45	Baltimore			18.30	19.40	19.45
18.40	19.50	19.55	New York			18.40	19.50	19.55	18.40	19.50	19.55	New York			18.40	19.50	19.55
18.50	20.00	20.05	Boston			18.50	20.00	20.05	18.50	20.00	20.05	Boston			18.50	20.00	20.05
19.00	20.10	20.15	Philadelphia			19.00	20.10	20.15	19.00	20.10	20.15	Philadelphia			19.00	20.10	20.15
19.10	20.20	20.25	Washington			19.10	20.20	20.25	19.10	20.20	20.25	Washington			19.10	20.20	20.25
19.20	20.30	20.35	Richmond			19.20	20.30	20.35	19.20	20.30	20.35	Richmond			19.20	20.30	20.35
19.30	20.40	20.45	Harrisburg			19.30	20.40	20.45	19.30	20.40	20.45	Harrisburg			19.30	20.40	20.45
19.40	20.50	20.55	Baltimore			19.40	20.50	20.55	19.40	20.50	20.55	Baltimore			19.40	20.50	20.55
19.50	21.00	21.05	New York			19.50	21.00	21.05	19.50	21.00	21.05	New York			19.50	21.00	21.05
20.00	21.10	21.15	Boston			20.00	21.10	21.15	20.00	21.10	21.15	Boston			20.00	21.10	21.15
20.10	21.20	21.25	Philadelphia			20.10	21.20	21.25	20.10	21.20	21.25	Philadelphia			20.10	21.20	21.25
20.20	21.30	21.35	Washington			20.20	21.30	21.35	20.20	21.30	21.35	Washington			20.20	21.30	21.35
20.30	21.40	21.45	Richmond			20.30	21.40	21.45	20.30	21.40	21.45	Richmond			20.30	21.40	21.45
20.40	21.50	21.55	Harrisburg			20.40	21.50	21.55	20.40	21.50	21.55	Harrisburg			20.40	21.50	21.55
20.50	22.00	22.05	Baltimore			20.50	22.00	22.05	20.50	22.00	22.05	Baltimore			20.50	22.00	22.05
21.00	22.10	22.15	New York			21.00	22.10	22.15	21.00	22.10	22.15	New York			21.00	22.10	22.15
21.10	22.20	22.25	Boston			21.10	22.20	22.25	21.10	22.20	22.25	Boston			21.10	22.20	22.25
21.20	22.30	22.35	Philadelphia			21.20	22.30	22.35	21.20	22.30	22.35	Philadelphia			21.20	22.30	22.35
21.30	22.40	22.45	Washington			21.30	22.40	22.45	21.30	22.40	22.45	Washington			21.30	22.40	22.45
21.40	22.50	22.55	Richmond			21.40	22.50	22.55	21.40	22.50	22.55	Richmond			21.40	22.50	22.55
21.50	23.00	23.05	Harrisburg			21.50	23.00	23.05	21.50	23.00	23.05	Harrisburg			21.50	23	



On time...but what time?

Aboard western passenger trains of a century ago, the question "what time is it?" was almost sure to start an argument. In those days, every railroad—and just about every town along the tracks—kept its own time. Imagine the confusion, especially at stations used by several railroads, each on a different time!

We at Rand McNally like to recall that our company, working closely with America's railroads, helped to

establish "standard time" . . . the system that, in 1893, finally brought order out of chaos.

One of our tasks, then as now, was printing railroad timetables; and our respect for accuracy, then as now, was enormous. Today, accuracy is an essential feature, not only in our timetables for railroads, airlines, and bus lines, but also in all the maps, atlases, textbooks, directories, and works of reference which we print and publish.





Soft drinks in tin cans...and

NATIONAL STEEL

Among the many swallows that make a summer perhaps the most welcome ones come from soft drinks in tin cans.

Tin cans serve up your favorite flavors at their tingly best—providing clean, sanitary protection from point of origin to your opener.

Tin cans chill faster. They take up less space in the refrigerator. They're easy to open—light and unbreakable so you can carry more. You can take them on picnics, to parties, without worrying about deposits and returns. In fact, no matter where you go, canned soft drinks are your one-way ticket to instant, on-the-spot refreshment.

We at National Steel play a part in providing

this portable thirst-quenching through our Weirton Steel division in Weirton, West Virginia . . . and soon will play a larger part through our entirely new Midwest Steel plant now being built in the Chicago area. One of the largest producers of tin plate for all purposes, National is a major supplier of tin plate for soft drink cans.

And quite an order it is—as the parched throats of Americans keep calling for more and more. Within the past year alone, the consumption of canned soft drinks has increased 40%. And there's a hot dry summer ahead—when Weirton will continue to keep pace with the growing trend, rolling the tin plate it takes to help keep America cool.



NATIONAL STEEL CORPORATION, GRANT BUILDING, PITTSBURGH, PA. Major divisions: Great Lakes Steel Corporation • Weirton Steel Company
Midwest Steel Corporation • Stran-Steel Corporation • Enamelstrip Corporation • The Hanna Furnace Corporation • National Steel Products Company

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MARKS THE REAL THING!

CLASS A
CIGARETTES

Tareyton

DUAL FILTER

Dual
Filter
does
it!

Filters for flavor as no single filter can

FLAVOR-BALANCE gives Tareyton its big taste advantage. First, the smoke passes through ① a unique inner filter of *Activated Charcoal*—definitely proved to make the taste of a cigarette mild and smooth... then through ② a pure white outer filter. Together they select and balance the flavor elements in the smoke to bring out the best taste of the best tobaccos. Try Tareytons—you'll see!



NEW *DUAL FILTER* *Tareyton*

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